Saturday Review

NOVEMBER 25, 1961 / 25¢

RECORDINGS

SALUTE TO THURBER

By Malcolm Cowley, Peter De Vries, and others

BERLIN: The Cradle And the Lever

By William D. Patterson

A NEW SYSTEM FOR RATING CONCERT HALL ACOUSTICS

By Leo L. Beranek

Joan Sutherland as Lucia, the role of her Metropolitan Opera debut (*See Recordings*)

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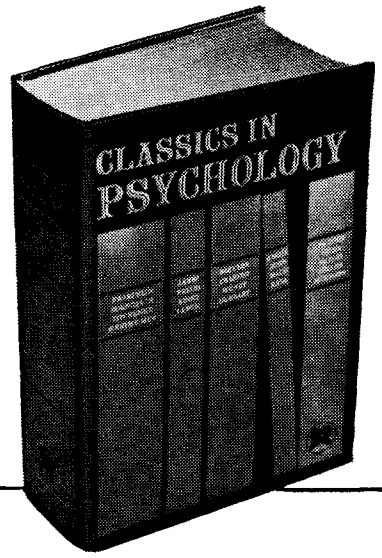

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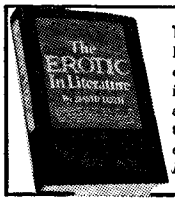

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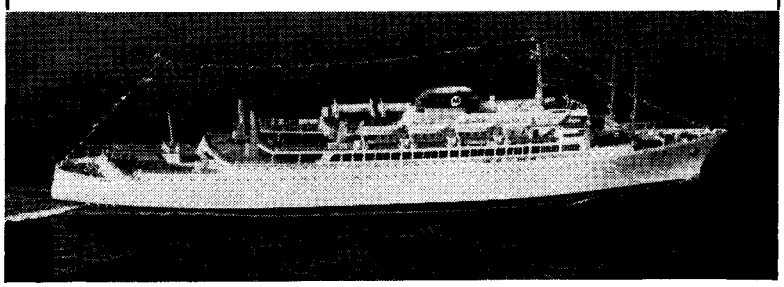

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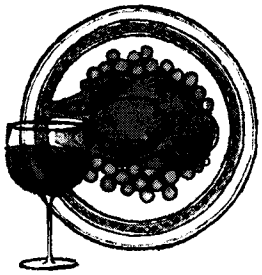

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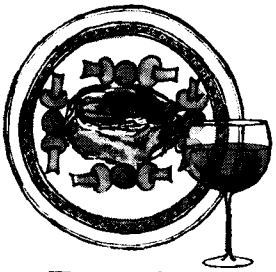

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Reading and Riding

Edited by Martin Levin

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It now would appear that space circumterraneous
Is occupied not along with satellites, but with many a chunk
Of discarded launching-rockets, and no doubt miscellaneous
Junk.

This suggests how we may rid ourselves of the unattractive
Products with which our dropsical planet is defaced.
Obviously I refer particularly to radioactive
Waste.

And here, perhaps, is the explanation of the Rings of Saturn,
Offcast to make in the heavens a bizarre badge.
Of what is composed this puzzling and peculiar pattern?
Garbage.

—MORRIS BISHOP.

• • •

READING FOR INSIGHT

I SEEM to have developed a malady which prevents me from ever understanding anything I read: insight phobia. That's right, I'm afraid of the word *insight*. Crazy, I know, but I can't help myself. I picked up the *Atlantic* to read their supplement on psychiatry, starting off with something by Stanley Cobb called "Mind and Body," when I got that strange feeling. I was biting my nails and anticipating something with dread. He's going to do it, I thought, I know it. He's going to use *the* word. Or is he?

At that point I was hooked. I knew I'd have to keep going until the matter was settled one way or the other. A few casual clues had been dropped foretelling, forewarning me that it might be coming—phrases such as "great imagination" and "classic observations." I hated it, but morbidly I poked into the wound until the words "great light shed on medicine" caused my breathing to quicken and my lips to turn dry. My whole body was aquiver. There it was—"much insight." I sighed in relief and felt my body grow limp.

I was trapped, hypnotically committed to keep playing the fiendish game. I charged into the second article, something by a John Seely, and read, read, read madly to find it through five pages of murky prose. All the signs clearly foretold its coming. I was nearly done with the darn thing and beginning to doubt my own (great scott, I almost said it myself). But old Seely came through with a roaring finish. Two concluding sentences of crushing insight: something about "threatening possibilities of insight" which I didn't understand at all and a final sentence which nearly smashed my mind completely. "Insight is mere technique; Eros and Thanatos still dispute whose; and their representatives in us will determine." What can you say to that, I ask you?

Things picked up in the next piece by Alfred Kazin. It was a breeze. No trouble at all. He slipped me an insight in the second sentence. I liked that. He doesn't pussyfoot around and tantalize you. He steps right up and barks it out loud and clear. That man's got guts. Not like that sneaky Greer Williams, who follows up with a corker called "The Rejection of the Insane." I'm telling you he's a devil he is. He holds back for a full five pages before he lets the cat out of the bag and it turns out to be only a kitten at that—a measly "psychological insight."

Peter Neubauer really can't be blamed for omitting the word in his article. He only had three pages to fool around in and he did get a few good things in there, like "progress" and "New Frontier." The editors attempt to pull the wool over your eyes after that by tossing in two articles without an insight in 'em, but let me tell you they were fooling no one but themselves. I knew they were just saving it up. Sure enough, the next bit of folderol was titled "Illness and Artistic Creativity," and it's almost axiomatic that wherever *creative* goes *insight*'s right behind. One, two, three, whoops, just spotted another, four of them. Not bad.

That's the way it goes. I can't really read anything any more. I spend all my time and energy hunting for the snark. There were only three articles left to conquer, The first, "The Psychology of Personal Growth," was pretty easy. Nothing much on the first couple pages but I knew I was getting warm when I saw "creative and meaningful" in the

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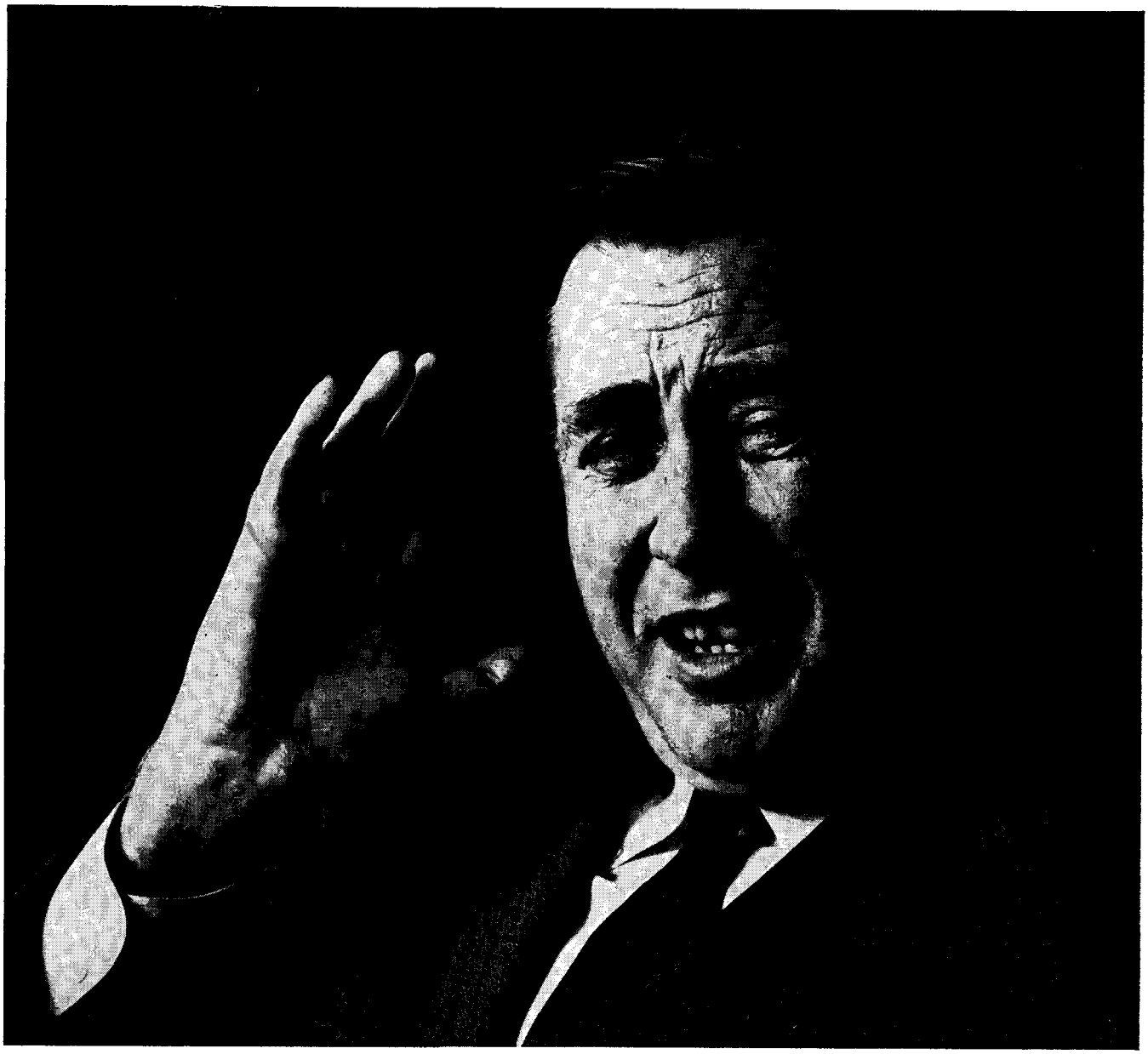

CYNIC You can tell him by his favorite food—sour grapes. According to the cynic, there's an opportunist in every public office, an Elmer Gantry in every pulpit, a racketeer in every union local. No worthy cause can possibly succeed, he believes, because the world is full of schemers. A master of the negative, a veteran wet blanket, he dampens dedication, chills initiative. And while the cynic sits and grumbles, doctors answer midnight calls . . . artists create works with more concern for art than applause . . . school teachers help their students, not their bank accounts, grow. Where would America be today if the cynic's view had always prevailed? Human advancement proves that people can, and usually do, work together for the common good. In this nuclear age, is there any other choice?

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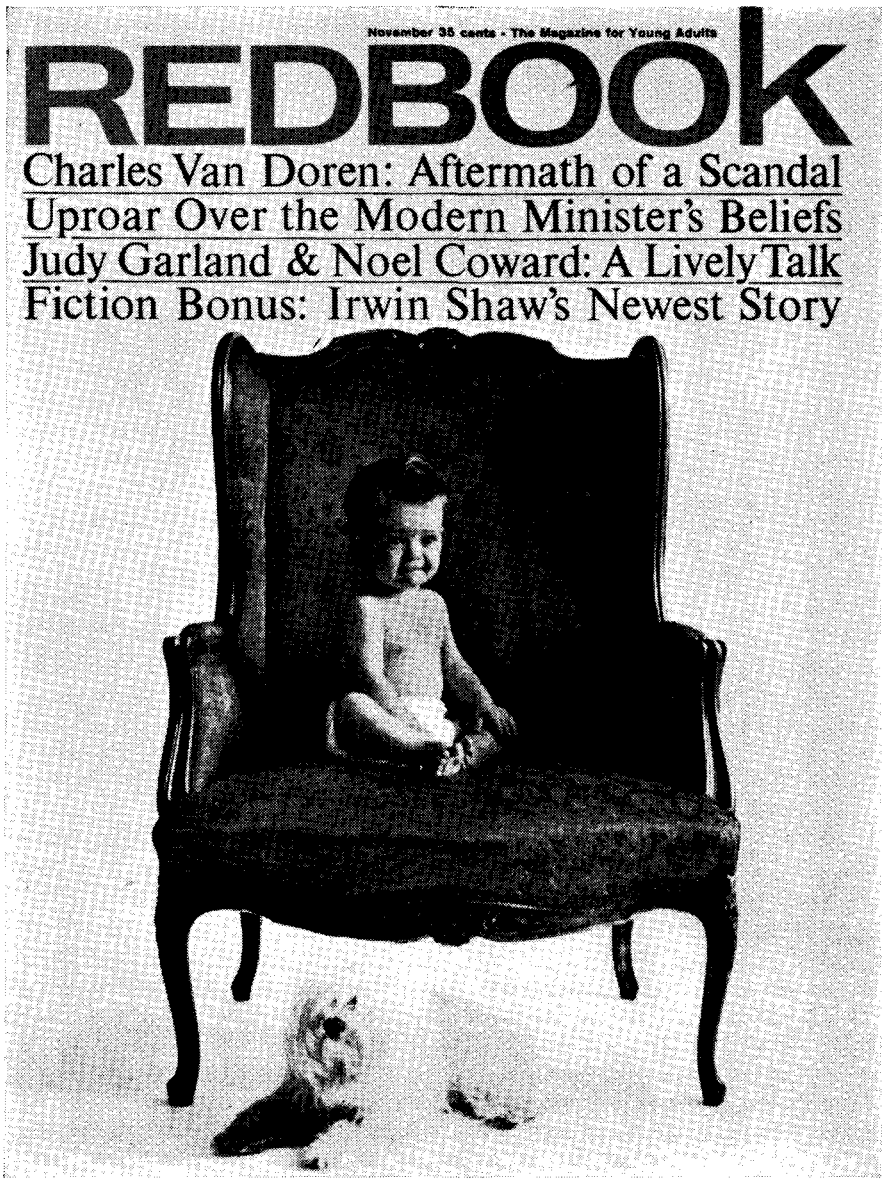
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text. I nonchalantly turned the page to see a lovely display of two insights resting snugly in a paragraph. It was going to my head I was doing so well. The next fellow, Philip Rieff, somehow managed to hold back but he got pretty close to the bull's-eye with "the way to this self-knowledge" and "state of awareness." It was admittedly a pretty weak showing for a closer—only two: "our insights" and "poetic insight." However, the author redeemed himself nobly by employing the words artistry, creative, and sensitive in a single sentence. And that takes insight.

Well, that's a day in the life of an insight slave. I don't know what to do about my condition. It seems to be getting worse and I haven't even tried the book reviews yet. —RAY PUECHNER.

• • •

LET YOUNG COLLEGE STUDENTS BE THE CONSERVATIVE ONES

IN the Southern California never-never land where I live, there are a great many convertible cars. For a long time I have observed that a surprising number of the drivers of such cars are middle-aged, bare-headed, and very bald men. The more "unusual" the weather—extremely hot, cold, cloudy, or however unpleasant—the more the unprotected heads of these modern Spartans shine behind the steering wheels of their open cars.

They say these men expose their glabrous extremities to the elements in defiance. They say these men are expressing a flamboyance in their driving that the patterns of their business and social lives don't allow. Whatever *they* may say, the irrepressibility of these status scorners has inspired me to get a convertible, too, and I hope I discover a new group of drivers—a coterie comprising contemporary versions of the little old lady from Suburbia (like me), all gussied up in our bright cars, our grey hair symbolic of unanswered questions.

Will they say we are having a last fling before we succumb to the air-conditioned sedan? Will they say we are escapees from the stigma of "senior citizens"? Or do we just happen to like the wind in our faces and the sky visible overhead?

Let the analysts argue. Let the sociologists ponder. Let the car salesmen make the most of it. Let our married children get another babysitter. While *they* are explaining it, I press the button, the motor hums, the top of my car goes down, and you may be sure that this little old lady is *not* going to the grocery store. —EVELYN SWEDLOW.

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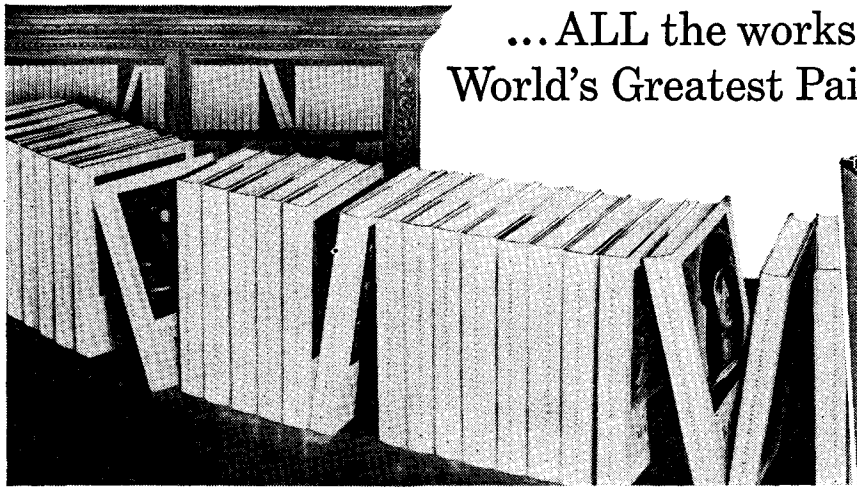

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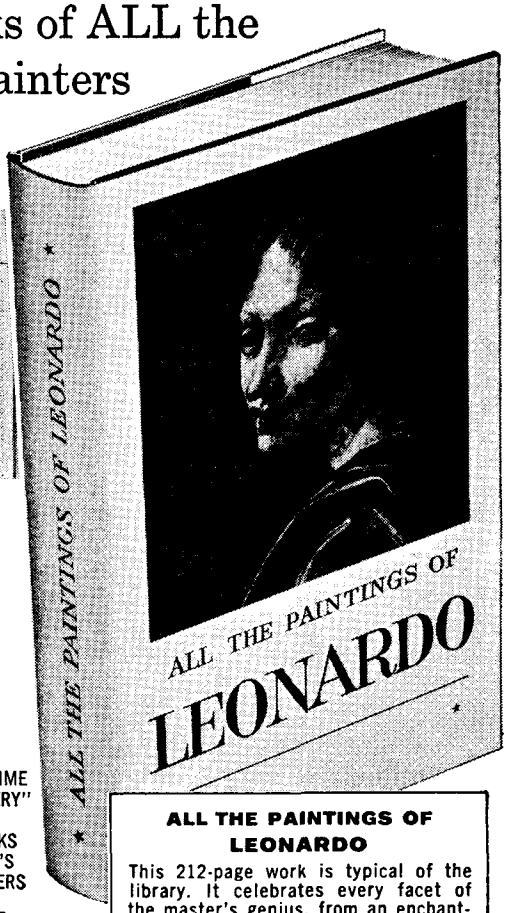

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

MAN in California, writing to say he likes these ads: "They make your insurance company seem almost *interesting.*"

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► Lady in Baltimore, attending a W.C.T.U. meeting, left her car parked on a hill. Brakes failed. Car rolled down the street, jumped a curb, crashed into a bar.

► Ohio man, 75, applied for insurance on his 1936 Plymouth. Said his wife seldom drives because he charges her eight cents a mile.

► Postcard: "I've bought a house and a car, and am getting married next week. Please send information on everything."

► In Harrisburg, Penna., a man stopped at an agent's office to report he'd had an auto accident — four years ago. Why hadn't he reported it earlier? "I don't get to town much."

► Apartment house burned down in Charleston, W. Va., and the only thing one family saved was a television set. Claimsman asked why. "Because we only owe two more payments."

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TRADE Winds

WHEN I COMMENTED on the lovely weather we've been having the last couple of months, a little girl named Jennifer looked around at the blue sky and said, "Yes, fall's behaving."

THE MAGAZINE *Atlas* repeats this story about the new forty-three-year-old British ambassador to Washington, William David Ormsby-Gore, when he was a young student at Eton. There was panic in the school—one of the boys had tried to commit suicide. Gathering the house together in the dining room, the housemaster made a serious plea: "Can any of you throw any light at all on why this boy should have tried to kill himself?"

A hand shot up at the most junior table. Attached to it was a diminutive, black-haired "new boy" in "bum-freezers," with innocent eyes and a snipey nose. "Yes, my boy," said the housemaster eagerly.

"I wondered, Sir," said young David, "might it have been the food?"

A MUSICIAN, lawyer, journalist, and free-lance writer, Joseph Wechsberg was born in Czechoslovakia. An American citizen, he sort of commutes between here and Europe, always looking for decent service and food in restaurants. They're getting more difficult to find, he feels.

"Things are degenerating here," he told me. "The trouble is, Americans never complain. They wait twenty minutes for a taxi. People don't seem to care. And suburban life! I've had my taste of that. Visited a friend in Chappaqua. That train! No one in Switzerland would stand for that. When I go to an expensive restaurant, I expect service. Ah, the great days are gone. No one has time to do anything well any more. You should complain when things are bad; praise when good. Send things back to the kitchen if they're not right. Americans never do that. Why not? And now on the Continent, it is being slowly Americanized and it is harder to get decent service and food."

Wechsberg has just had his book about Nellie Melba published, "Red Plush and Black Velvet" (Little, Brown). In at least one respect he doesn't hark back to the old days, and that is in the case of music. If Melba sang "La Bohème" today, he points out, she would not be allowed the liberties she took when she was alive. She'd have to obey the score and the conductor, thanks to such men as Mahler and Toscanini, who said, according to Wechsberg, "Stop this foolishness, let's do it as the composer wrote it."

I guess Melba needed some discipline. After a performance of Verdi, for instance, and cries of "Encore!" she'd have a piano wheeled onto the stage and she'd sing "Comin' Through the Rye" and "Home, Sweet Home."

OH, THE IRONY of it! It was National Gifted Child Week, October 22 to 28, and Ann F. Isaacs, executive director of the National Association for Gifted Children, was tending her exhibits in the educational section at the National Science Teachers convention in Cincinnati. She saw many of her old friends, she writes me, and made some new ones. One of the "old" ones was a lovely high school senior, in whose development the Association for Gifted Children had long been interested, since her kindergarten days.

"She greeted me warmly and with enthusiasm," says Miss Isaacs. "We exchanged a few pleasantries and then, in a completely unself-conscious tone, she asked,

" 'How in the world did you ever happened to get interested in this oddball, offbeat thing?'

"The curious part of this little incident is that this young lady, no doubt reflecting the attitude of her peer group, had once been identified—without her knowledge—as a gifted child with I.Q. 165."

SHARPS AND FLATS: The New York *Daily News* headline writers are still turning them out. On the Duchess of Kent's announcement that she would have a baby, the picture was captioned: "Lady in Waiting." And when Paul Winchell got married, they headlined it: "Ventriloquist Caught Moving Lips."

► A new motion picture called "Seven Women from Hell" is described by the trade paper *Variety* this way: "Small

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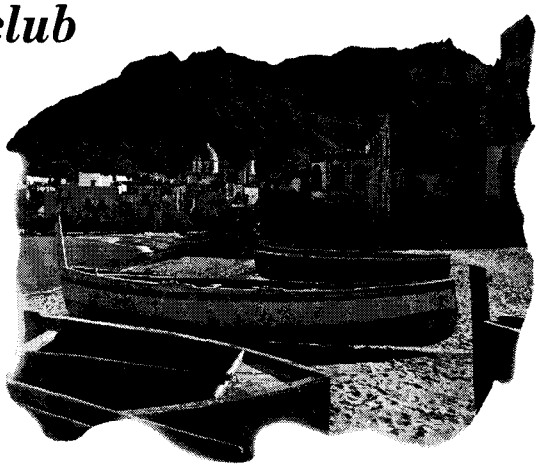

THAT'S author Shirley Elizabeth Warren, reporting on the island of Ischia to members of *Islands in the Sun Club*. Ischia—one of hundreds of unspoiled and little-known ports offering a unique attraction for the resort-weary.

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- ...business prospects, taxes and land costs
- ...a recipe for island vegetable salad
- ...amusements, activities, night life
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In short, there's all the information the vacationer, retired person or businessman will need. Information not to be found in any other source.

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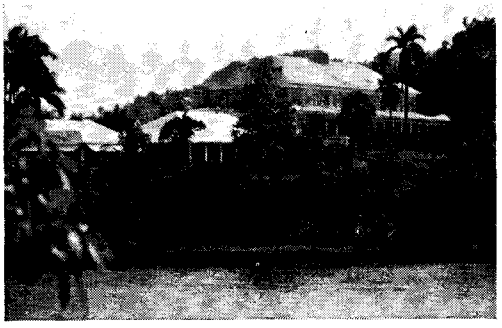

The first of several clubhouses exclusively for *Islands in the Sun Club* members is now open. Located in The Jamaica Reef Hotel—formerly owned by Errol Flynn—in Port Antonio, Jamaica. Members and their families enjoy 10% discount on all services—spacious rooms, superb food, excellent bar, both salt and fresh pools, deep-sea fishing, sailing, water skiing, riding. Other clubhouses about to be opened in the Bahamas, St. Lucia and Sardinia. Admittance by membership card only.

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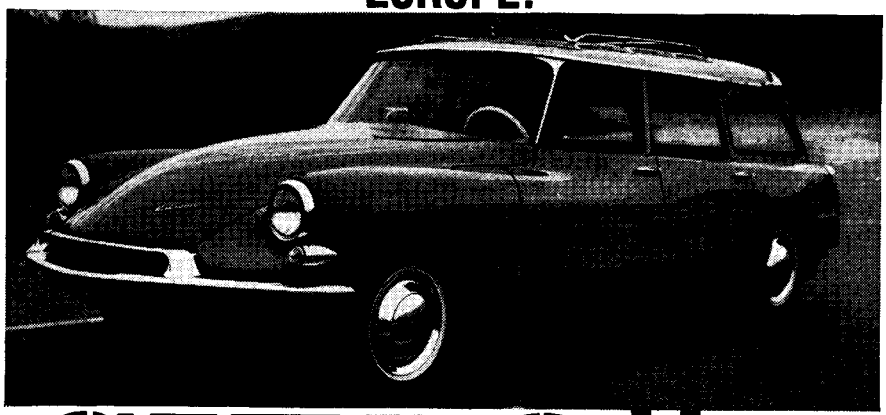

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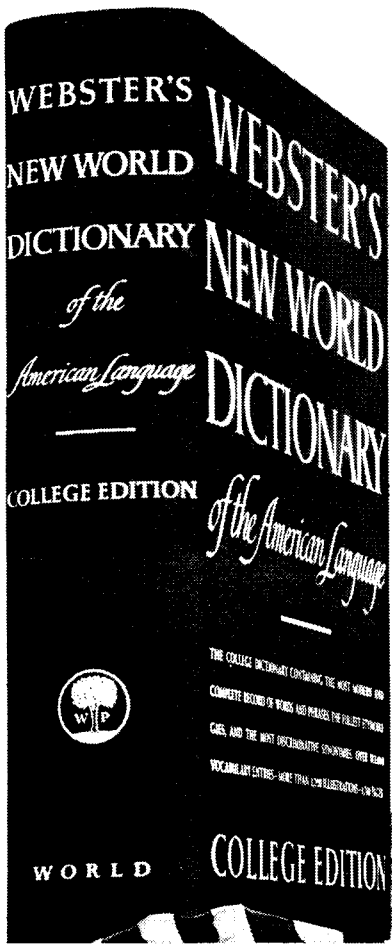

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THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
Cleveland and New York

party of dolls chased across 1942 New Guinea by Japanese Army. Absurd meller punctuated by unintentional witty flashes." To indicate what he means the reviewer describes the final scene of the movie. Finally sighting Allied soldiers after their perilous trek through the jungle, the girls cry, "Yanks!" and the boys cry, "Broads!"

► U. E. Baughman, head of the agency whose assignment is to protect the lives of the President and his family, retired from office September 1. His book "Secret Service Chief" (Harper) was already written and in the hands of the publisher, which shows what *he* was doing the last few months on the job.

► At the door of the 90 Church Street post office there is a sign reading, "No dogs allowed except seeing eye dogs." For reasons evident even to a blind man, D. L. Lauritsen points out, a simple "No dogs allowed" would suffice.

► That crazy French I ran a few weeks ago got a lot of people going. Ira Freeman, for one, asks that this be translated: *Je suis Avignon bain Annas.*

► And at least a dozen sent along: *Pas de lieu Rhone que nous.*

► And the menu of a Chinese restaurant in the city has this clever warning on it: "Meals without rice five cents extra."

► I'm looking foward to New Year's Day. According to "Chases' Calendar of Annual Events," January 1 is not only International Take-a-Deep-Breath Day but also the beginning of Break-a-Cold Month. —JEROME M. BEATTY.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1443)

CATHARINE M. WRIGHT:

(THE) COLOR OF LIFE

You cannot build even so small a thing as a picture, let alone a life, by avoiding any part of it. You cannot escape God or yourself, no matter how much you try—and some try very, very hard! Surroundings are influential and powerful—but they are not the ultimate.

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Offhand

HELP! Venice is about to be destroyed! Not by bombs: by bulldozers, skyways, builders, improvers, real estate speculators, the same vandals (in spirit, not the same corporation) who have already changed the Via Appia into a second-rate suburbia and are still fighting for the right (mark it, the *right*) to destroy Florence, and replace the whole background of Renaissance painters with gigantic improvements (of their own pockets).

✔ ✔ ✔

THESE PEOPLE are barbarians, not Italians. The Italians are fighting them: they have formed a society known as Italia Nostra, which since 1955 has tried to fight off the barbarians. But defenders of culture have no real estate interests behind them, only against them. Thus many foreigners who, by the universal rights of culture, are Italians (such as the Academy of France, art critics, artists everywhere) have rallied to their side against the so-called Italians who are invading Italy. For details, and there are plenty of them, write to this column.

✔ ✔ ✔

LIVING IN A MUSEUM is no pleasure. And modern life is vulgar, beastly, cementitious, transportatious, gaseous, hurried, supersonic, *not* refined, human, stony, static, scented, relaxed, musical.

✔ ✔ ✔

THE VENETIANS who burst with modern "energy," and refuse to stay silent and poor that we may go on dreaming our own dream of their city, have their point. A small point as compared with a big dream, but still . . . Yes, but why don't they leave and build their horrors elsewhere? Not in Australia, just thirty miles away? Because they feel part of that dream, they are immensely proud of it, and would want to redream it in cement, chromium, and glass, with parking lots and hot-dog stands. We know them. And between our nostalgia and theirs, we win. Out with them.

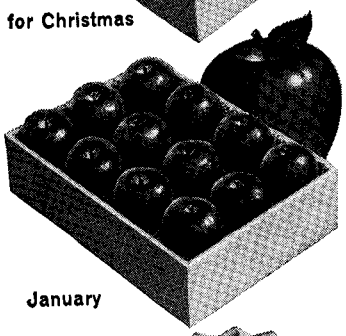
✔ ✔ ✔

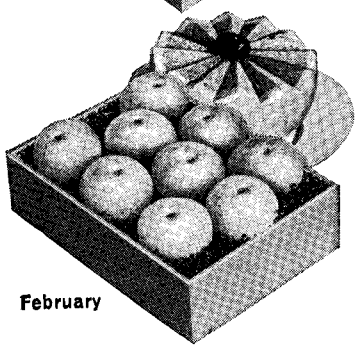
TODAY COMES after tomorrow. For, if today *has not already been* a good tomorrow it is nothing but the continuation of last night's drunken party with the lights on, the ashtrays full, the glasses sticky, and the sun never rising.

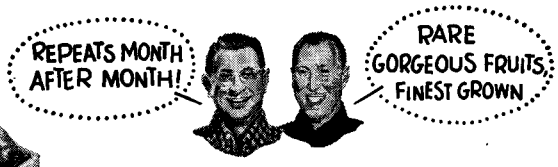
—NICCOLO TUCCI.

"you'll $ave—they'll rave!" when you send

Fruit-of-the-Month Club*







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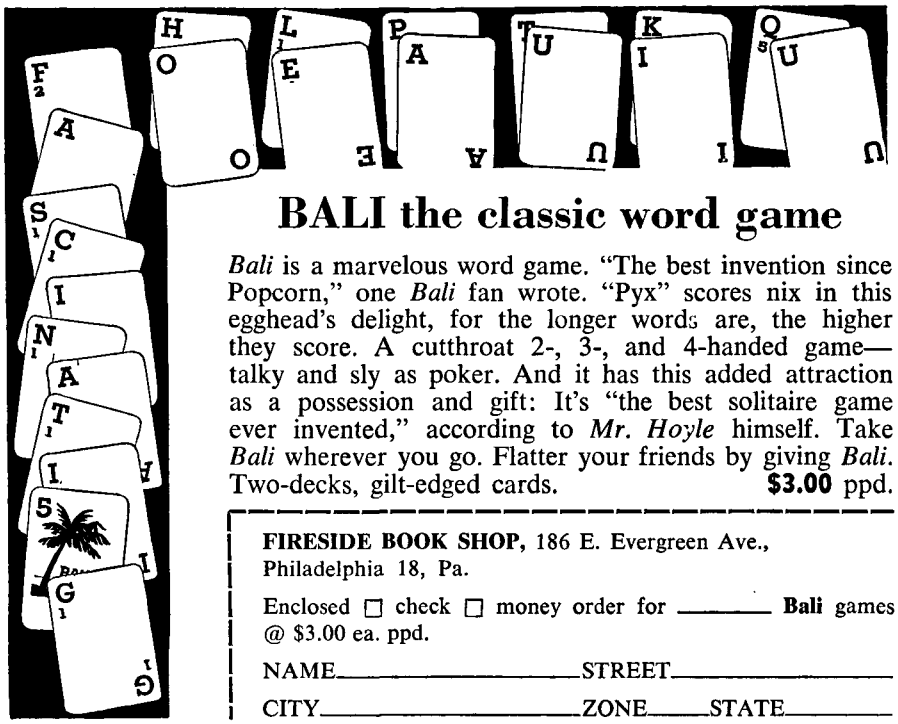

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Saturday Review
November 25, 1961

SALUTE TO THURBER

Seals that inhabit bedrooms, wildly improbable women who mix wifely sweetness with Mephistophelean menace, a curiously indefinable and doleful breed of hound, and meek men who dream heroic dreams—these are among the landmarks of a wondrous world created in prose and pictures by the great and gifted humorist James Thurber. But Thurber was more than a humorist. When he died on November 2, he left behind a literary legacy that T. S. Eliot once described as "humor which is also a way of saying something serious." For at bottom, Thurber's writings, sketches, and cartoons are reflections of their time—sometimes the reflections of a fun-house mirror, but likenesses nonetheless.

Born December 8, 1894, in Columbus, Ohio, James Grover Thurber worked as a reporter on the Columbus Dispatch, the European editions of the Chicago Tribune, and the New York Evening Post. In 1927 he joined The New Yorker, to which he was a distinguished and prodigious contributor until his death. Over the years he also created such works as "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty," the plays "The Male Animal" and "A Thurber Carnival," and "The Years with Ross," a best-selling portrait of The New Yorker's founder. In the following pages SR presents a salute from some of his friends and associates. Thurber, a modest and self-deprecatory man, probably wouldn't have liked it one bit.

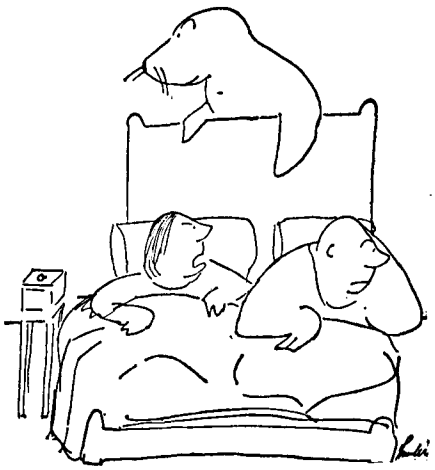
A Job to Do

By MALCOLM COWLEY

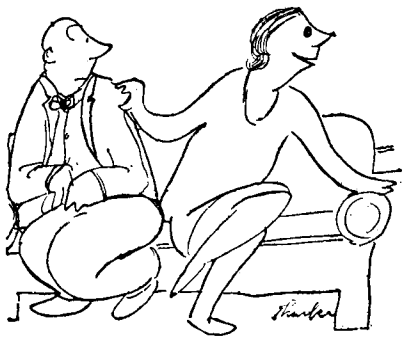
USUALLY I admired Thurber from a distance. There was a time, however, when I and many others saw a great deal of him; it was during the two or three years before he got married again and for keeps. He was then living alone at the Algonquin and wandering about the city in taxis. When he visited friends he usually stayed until three or four in the morning, as if putting off the moment when he would have to open the door of an empty room. Once inside the room he might spend the rest of the night typing a letter.

I have just been rereading two of

—*The Thurber drawings below © 1932, 1935 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*



"All right, have it your way. You heard a seal bark."



"Listen—they're playing 'Bolero'! It drives me MAD, Mr. Considine."

"That's my first wife up there and this is the present Mrs. Harris."

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those letters, both enormous and both concerned with the popular subject, in the early 1930s, of literary communism. Thurber was against it, and he devoted all fifteen pages of the first letter to explaining why. One reason was that the literary communists had been attacking contributors to *The New Yorker* as evaders of life and, in the words of Mike Gold, "college punks." "We all inhabit a Lost Atlantis," Thurber said. "We drink our old fashioneds to the last drop careless of the fact that the world is crumbling around us. In short, we don't attack communism but we don't go for it head over heels. Therefore, the inference is, what we write—no matter how funny or well done or, in its way, right—should be stopped.

"If these men, who write such attacks, should ever get in control, do you think there wouldn't be a commissar of literature who would be appointed and commissioned to stop it, who would set us at work writing either poems in praise of the American Lenin or getting up time tables for work trains? If you do, you're missing a low, faint, distant rumbling."

The second letter, a mere postcard of nine pages, came in with a review I had asked Thurber to write for *The New Republic*. The review was of a big anthology, famous in its day, "Proletarian Literature in the United States." In the letter Thurber said, "I have written, I suppose, at least fifty thousand words in my fifteen or twenty rewrites of this piece. I have spent at least fifty solid hours of work on the mere writing, perhaps twenty on the reading. It came out to be a thing I had to do, and do right."

For James Thurber "write" and "right" weren't homonyms; they were the same word.

The book had angered him, and though he kept his anger out of an excellent review, he expressed it at length in the letter. Most of it was directed against one sentence in the introduction to the anthology: "Out of the experience and the science of the proletariat the revolutionary poets, playwrights, and novelists are developing an art which reveals more forces in the world than the love of the lecher and the pride of the Narcissist." This implied, so it seemed to him, that lechery and narcissim were sins of the middle classes and that only the proletariat could truly love. Thurber denounced this notion in 3,000 sometimes obscene and always pertinent words, then offered his own declaration of faith. "I don't think the revolution is here or anywhere near here," he said. "I believe the only menace is the growing menace of fascism. I also firmly believe that it is the clumsy and whining and arrogant attitude of the proletarian writers which is making the menace bigger every day."

THOSE two letters, besides suggesting the atmosphere of a forgotten era, help to illuminate Thurber's position on certain public issues. Twenty years later he was not attacking the literary communists, who had pretty well disappeared from the scene. Instead he was making candid statements about the patriotic conservatives who wanted to forbid the publication of any book or any author they suspected of being communistic. Of course his position hadn't changed in the least. He was always a writer first of all, and his political enemies on both sides were those who threatened to keep a writer like himself from doing his job and doing it right.

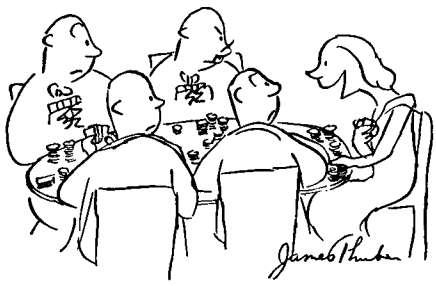
Universal Daydream

By PETER DE VRIES

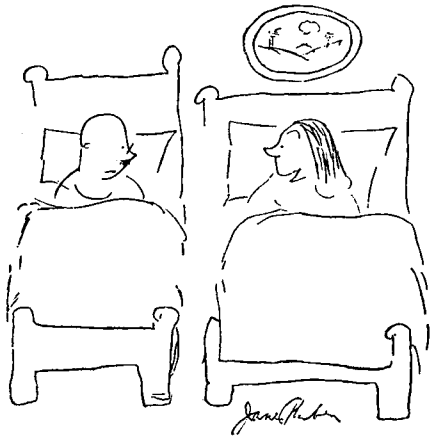
WITH Thurber gone there is something missing, like a star from the sky, though of course the sentimentalists will have it that on the contrary there is another shining there. It is inherent in the laws of grief that we cannot mourn without celebrating; to bewail our loss is but to congratulate ourselves on our legacy. It is all part of the tangle of contradictions that go to make up what sentimentalists call the precious gift of life.

Now, there is a cliché that Thurber with his keen vision saw through to the bone. Life is no gift at all, but a purchase, paid for as we go, at prices that seem at times rather out of line. He paid as dearly as any man for his life and for his genius, with pains and privations, exactions of courage, and physical and moral trials that would have killed a dozen ordinary men. But the only time he ever complained was on *your* behalf. Shortly before the end of his life, hearing of the tribulations of a friend, he shook his head and said, "It's just too much to bear." He was never tempted to that conclusion by his own ordeals—through which he was fortunately helped by a wife with a devotion and valor scarcely second to his own. It is nice to know that he was not married to a Thurber woman. It's about all he was spared.

Malcolm Muggeridge has said of him with surprising simplicity that he "tells the truth." Oddly, he does it best in the fantasies to which he so often lovingly repaired—perhaps not so oddly, for what is more universal after all than the private daydream? What have we more



"What do four ones beat?"



"You were wonderful at the Gardners' last night, Fred, when you turned on the charm."

—The above Thurber drawings © 1935, 1940, 1943 The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.

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in common than the urge delusively to set ourselves apart? It is no accident that his most famous and widely enjoyed story is one that distils the very essence of this human weakness—if that is what it is. In a more innocent and believing age, readers had novelists who copiously supplied them with heroes with whom to identify themselves. Now our demoted spirits and rickety egos see themselves better in the non-hero, who must gird himself with make-believe, and in the process we manage the rueful, self-disparaging smile. Thurber has taught us, among other things, the gentle art of self-mockery—the best insurance we have against self-pity.

The insinuations of some critics that his fancies and word games were an "escape" from life are foolishness. They are a means of coping with it, of re-

freshing ourselves, the better to sustain a journey through what is all too often desert country. This laureate of the illusory had no illusions. He beckons us to every oasis, but leads us to no mirage. If in his art he told the truth, in his life he told it off. In the last letter he wrote my wife and me, from abroad, in what we know now was his last, crushing round of troubles, he spoke strongly of the general human obligation to gaiety. We have a full shelf of Thurber to help us pursue it. The work of one who, to put it all another way, looked life squarely in the eye.

Shoes in the Hallway

By ST.CLAIR McKELWAY

"MR. THURBER added [to his career as artist and writer] still another accomplishment —acting—when he stepped into the cast of his 'A Thurber Carnival' for the final two months of its nine-month run on Broadway last year," said the New York *Times* in its excellent obituary article on James Thurber. I feel privileged to be able to state, in this connection, that Thurber possessed and revealed that other accomplishment—acting—back in the early 1930s.

This particular performance of Thurber's—or, rather, *performances*—ran intermittently at night for months in houses where every seat, including those on the floor, was occupied. These houses were mostly brownstone ones and were mostly in Greenwich Village. The stages on which Thurber's performances took place were usually two or three flights up from the ground and were used at other times by his friends as living rooms. Busy writing anonymous pieces for the Talk of the Town department of *The New Yorker*, Thurber was engaged on these evenings in telling—and acting out—stories about his family in Columbus, Ohio. He hadn't, as far as I know, given a thought to *writing* these stories, and none of us who are still around today in New York seem to be able to recall having advised him to do so. The lot of us were too racked by mirth on those evenings to make such a constructive suggestion as that.

There were never any rehearsals on these evenings and the lines and actions of all the characters played by Thurber were continually being rewritten and switched around.

The thing might open with a performance by a character who really had no part—Aunt Sarah Shoaf, for example, who was obsessed by a fear of burglars, and who, waking in the night, would cry "Hark!" and would then throw one of her shoes down the hall in one direction and its mate down the hall in the other direction. Since Aunt Sarah Shoaf didn't live in Thurber's house in Columbus, but in a house of her own in another part of that city, she had to get off the stage after throwing her two shoes up and down the hall. Then Thurber would get down to business. One after another, and sometimes more or less simultaneously, he would play the parts of his mother, his father, his grandfather (offstage), his brother Roy, his brother Herman, and a dog named Rex, in addition to playing himself. It was a long time (but it now seems such a short—such a short time!) before Thurber got around in 1933 to putting his family story down in words on his typewriter—the one called, of course, "The Night the Bed Fell," which was the first of *The New Yorker* series entitled "My Life and Hard Times." This memory of the young Thurber getting ready to make all the world laugh is something his death cannot take away.

Nor can his death take away from one of our oldest and most honored copy editors, Mr. R. E. M. Whitaker, the memory of the time Thurber acted the part of an injured author, using as a prop a revolver. Whitaker looked up from his proofs that day to find Thurber staring at him wild-eyed and holding the prop in his right hand. "Are you the S.O.B. that keeps putting notes in red ink on the proofs of my Talk stories?" asked Thurber. Whitaker nodded. Thurber pointed the revolver at Whitaker's chest, pulled the trigger, and there was a click. Whitaker fainted. When he recovered consciousness, Thurber had left his office and Whitaker never again used red ink on his proofs.

—*Drawings on this page © James Thurber, 1933, 1937, 1956.*

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A Time for Humor

EDITOR'S NOTE. *The author of the following article, a friend and New Yorker colleague of James Thurber, was responsible for introducing the young Thurber to Harold Ross, the magazine's founder, in 1927. The article is reprinted, with the permission of The New Yorker, from a special editorial that appeared just after Thurber's death (© The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.)*

By E. B. WHITE

I AM one of the lucky ones; I knew him before blindness hit him, before fame hit him, and I tend always to think of him as a young artist in a small office in a big city, with all the world still ahead. It was a fine thing to be young and at work in New York for a new magazine when Thurber was young and at work, and I will always be glad this happened to me.

It was fortunate that we got on well; the office we shared was the size of a hall bedroom. There was just room enough for two men, two typewriters, and a stack of copy paper. The copy paper disappeared at a scandalous rate—not because our production was high (although it was) but because Thurber used copy paper as the natural receptacle for discarded sorrows, immediate joys, stale dreams, golden prophecies, and messages of good cheer to the outside world and to fellow-workers. His mind was never at rest, and his pencil was connected to his mind by the best conductive tissue I have ever seen in action. The whole world knows what a funny man he was, but you had to sit next to him day after day to understand the extravagance of his clowning, the wildness and subtlety of his thinking, and the intensity of his interest in others and his sympathy for their dilemmas—dilemmas that he instantly enlarged, put in focus, and made immortal, just as he enlarged and made immortal the strange goings on in the Ohio home of his boyhood. His waking dreams and his sleeping dreams commingled shamelessly and uproariously. Ohio was never far from his thoughts, and when he received a medal from his home state in 1953, he wrote, "The clocks that strike in my dreams are often the clocks of Columbus." It is a beautiful sentence and a revealing one.

He was both a practitioner of humor and a defender of it. The day he died, I came on a letter from him. "Every time is a time for humor," he wrote. "I write humor the way a surgeon operates, because it is a livelihood, because I have a great urge to do it, because many interesting challenges are set up, and because I have the hope it may do some good." Once, I remember, he heard someone say that humor is a shield, not a sword, and it made him mad. He wasn't going to have anyone beating his sword into a shield. That "surgeon," incidentally, is pure Mitty. During his happiest years, Thurber did not write the way a surgeon operates, he wrote the way a child skips rope, the way a mouse waltzes.

Although he was best known for "Walter Mitty" and "The Male Animal," the book of his I like best is "The Last Flower." In it you will find his faith in the renewal of life, his feeling for the beauty and fragility of life on earth. Like all good writers, he fashioned his own best obituary notice. Nobody else can add to the record, much as he might like to. And of all the flowers, real and figurative, that will find their way to Thurber's last resting place, the one that will remain fresh and wiltproof is the little flower he himself drew, on the last page of that lovely book.

A Thurber Sampler

(The first five of the following excerpts originally appeared in The New Yorker.)

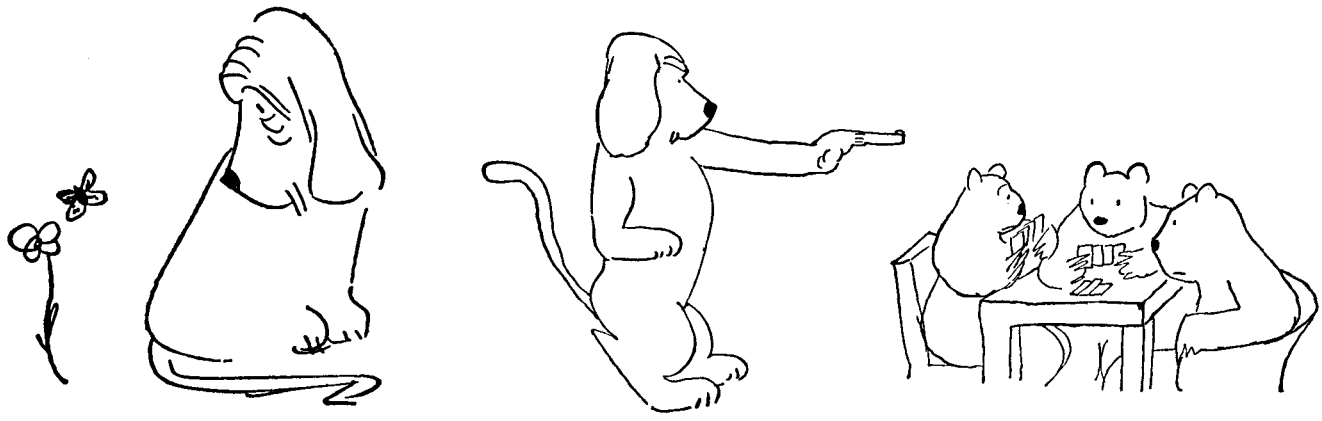
After the Dance

GERTIE STRAUB: big, genial, and ruddy, a collector of pints of rye (we learned after she was gone), who came in after two o'clock one night from a dancing party at Buckeye Lake and awakened us by bumping into and knocking over furniture. "Who's down there?" called mother from upstairs. "It's me, dearie," said Gertie, "Gertie Straub." "What are you doing?" demanded mother. "Dusting," said Gertie.

—From "A Sequence of Servants."

Mother and Machines

MY mother, for instance, thought—or, rather knew—that it was dangerous to drive an automobile without gasoline: it fried the valves, or something. "Now don't you dare drive all over town without gasoline!" she would say to us when we started off. Gasoline, oil, and water were much the same to her, a fact that made her life both confusing and perilous. Her greatest dread, however, was the Victrola—we had a very early one, back in the "Come Josephine in My Flying Machine" days. She had an idea that the Victrola might blow up. It alarmed her, rather than reassured her, to explain that the phonograph was run neither by gasoline nor by electricity. She could only suppose that it was propelled by some newfangled and untested apparatus which was likely to let go at any minute, making us all the victims and martyrs of the wild-eyed Edison's dangerous experiments. The telephone she was comparatively at peace with, except,



—The drawings on this page © James Thurber, 1953, 1955, 1956.

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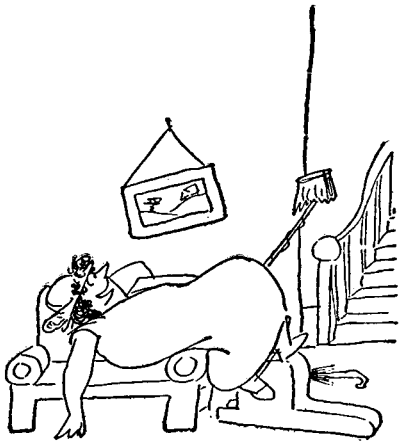
of course, during storms, when for some reason or other she always took the receiver off the hook and let it hang. She came naturally by her confused and groundless fears, for her own mother lived the latter years of her life in the horrible suspicion that electricity was dripping invisibly all over the house. It leaked, she contended, out of empty sockets if the wall switch had been left on. She would go around screwing in bulbs, and if they lighted up she would hastily and fearfully turn off the wall switch and go back to her *Pearson's* or *Everybody's*, happy in the satisfaction that she had stopped not only a costly but a dangerous leakage. Nothing could ever clear this up for her.

—From "The Car We Had to Push."



—© James Thurber, 1961.

"What are you doing?" demanded Mother. "Dusting," said Gertie.

Warfare in Ohio

OHIO STATE was a land grant university and therefore two years of military drill was compulsory. We drilled with old Springfield rifles and studied the tactics of the Civil War even though the World War was going on at the time. At 11 o'clock each morning thousands of freshmen and sophomores used to deploy over the campus, moodily creeping up on the old chemistry building. It was good training for the kind of warfare that was waged at Shiloh but it had no connection with what was going on in Europe. Some people used to think there was German money behind it, but they didn't dare say so or they would have been thrown in jail as German spies. It was a period of muddy thought and marked, I believe, the decline of higher education in the Middle West.

—From "University Days."

Walter Mitty

"IT'S the millionaire banker, Wellington McMillan," said the pretty nurse. "Yes?" said Walter Mitty, removing his gloves slowly. "Who has the case?" "Dr. Renshaw and Dr. Benbow, but there are two specialists here, Dr. Remington from New York and Mr. Pritchard-Mitford from London. He flew over." A door opened down a long, cool corridor and Dr. Renshaw came out. He looked distraught and haggard. "Hello, Mitty," he said. "We're having the devil's own time with McMillan, the millionaire banker and close personal friend of Roosevelt. Obstreosis of the ductal tract. Tertiary. Wish you'd take a look at him." "Glad to," said Mitty.

In the operating room there were whispered introductions: "Dr. Remington, Dr. Mitty. Mr. Pritchard-Mitford, Dr. Mitty." "I've read your book on streptothricosis," said Pritchard-Mitford shaking hands. "A brilliant performance, sir." "Thank you," said Walter Mitty. "Didn't know you were in the States, Mitty," grumbled Remington. "Coals to Newcastle, bringing Mitford and me up here for a tertiary." "You are very kind," said Mitty. A huge, complicated machine, connected to the operating table, with many tubes and wires, began at this moment to go pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. "The new anesthetizer is giving way!" shouted an interne. "There is no one in the East who knows how to fix it!" "Quiet, man!" said Mitty, in a low, cool voice. He sprang to the machine, which was now going pocketa-pocketa-queep-pocketa-queep. He began fingering delicately a row of glistening dials. "Give me a fountain pen!" he snapped. Someone handed him a fountain pen. He pulled a faulty

(*Continued on page* 63)

This Jumpy Country

A few weeks ago Saturday Review's drama critic, Henry Hewes, wrote to James Thurber to ask his views on theatre directors. Recalling that last year Mr. Thurber had had to break an appointment because of a cold, Mr. Hewes jokingly complained that every time he tried to see the author, Thurber was sick in bed. Thurber's reply, one of the last things he wrote, was as follows:

September 21, 1961

Dear Mr. Hewes:

In the past ten years I have not been down in bed with illness more than twice, so what the hell you are talking about I don't know. The day you called at the Beverley I was down with a virus that had struck quite a few other people in this great City, where eight million people live in peace. Doctors have rated my physical condition as being that of a man in his middle forties and not in his late sixties. In spite of this, in a nation of males who have established a habit of dying young, I have been called "in frail health" by a paper in Colorado, where I spent a month with the "Revue," later returning to New York to make 88 appearances in my own show. Four years ago a woman on the Akron *Beacon-Journal* said in her column that I was bed-bound most of the time! What is with everybody anyway? And no wonder we are supposed to have seventy-two million psychopathic cases in this jumpy country.

I always sign my name to any statements I make, and so I will do it here. From 1940 to 1944 I was my own favorite director, since I directed the principals in four Ohio State musical comedies for which I wrote the book, and I also directed several one-act plays, one of which I had written.

The director with whom I have seen eye to eye most often, and one that I would insist on directing any further plays of mine, is Burgess Meredith. In spite of my frail health we worked smoothly together on "A Thurber Carnival" and for seven weeks during terrible winter weather we traveled to five great big cities in the Middle West, staying up late almost every night, putting in and taking out, and all the rest of it. In spite of all this work, which often began in the morning, I managed to write six new sketches for the play, but we had time to rehearse and stage only one of them.

I hope your present illness doesn't last too long, for it is reassuring to see an elderly gentleman like you still up and about.

Cordially, in spite of the sound of this,

JAMES THURBER.

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BERLIN: The Cradle and the Lever

By William D. Patterson

WEST BERLIN.

IN THE shabby, war-scarred confines of Friederichstrasse, at the gap in The Wall where East Berlin and West Berlin still meet, a battle-alerted concentration of U.S. tanks, armed personnel carriers, and jeeps zeroed their guns on the Soviet sector.

A Soviet army colonel told the U.S. officer in command at "Checkpoint Charlie"—the last military post in the American sector before crossing into East Berlin—that if an armed escort were sent across to protect the legal right of access of U.S. occupation officials, it would be met by an array of armed East German Vopos who "had their orders." When this statement was reported to General Lucius D. Clay, personal representative of President Kennedy in Berlin, he ordered the escort to proceed.

This was the decisive moment, for the Soviet colonel had indicated that an overt clash would take place unless the escort patrol were canceled. Here was the hidden drama.

General Clay stood firm. The patrol proceeded. The Vopos—the East German police troops—stood by.

Not a shot was fired.

The boost to the morale of the West Berliners was tremendous. The Soviets finally were forced to bring up tanks to reinforce the sinking spirits of the despised Ulbricht government in East Berlin, but that was almost an anticlimax.

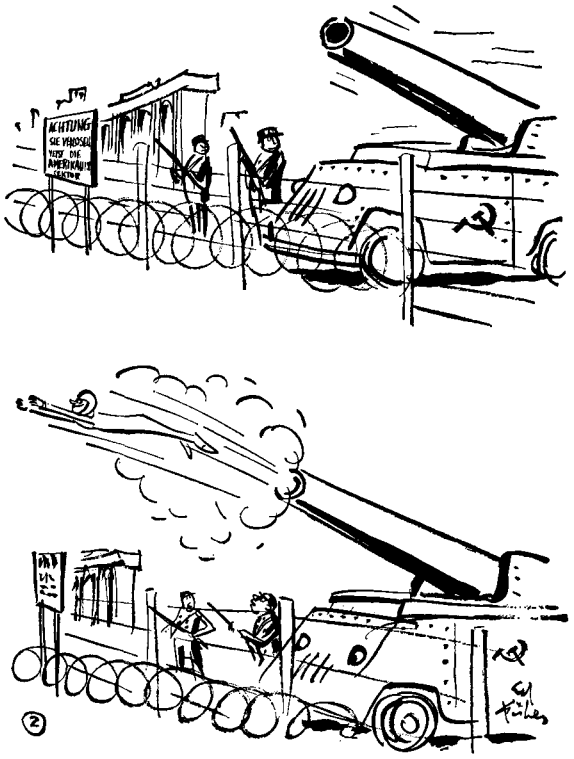
British and French forces were also on the alert along their sections of The Wall that stretches, twists, and turns, an ugly thing of stone, broken glass, cement, and barbed wire, for twenty-seven miles through the heart of this beleaguered city of 3,300,000 persons.

This continuing test of will and nerves creates tension. It exhilarates the people of West Berlin and probably encourages the people of East Berlin in their trap behind The Wall. But it has made many people and some leaders in Britain, France, and the United States nervous. This is the paradox that confronts General Clay, a statesman as well as general, the hero of the Berlin airlift in 1948-49, who wants to stand firm against any further unilateral Soviet erosion of Western rights in Berlin.

General Clay is calmly aware of the responsibility he bears and of the war risks he must take to defend the Allied position. It is not easy for anyone remote from Berlin to sense the pressure on the Berlin Command as day by day it evaluates Soviet intentions in the recurring encounters along The Wall, and strives to maintain a united posture of Allied determination to hold this vital outpost of the free world. Former President Harry Truman once had a sage word of advice for statesmen and politicians who fretted under the stings of partisan criticism and the responsibilities of public office: "If you can't stand heat, get out of the kitchen and let someone else do the cooking."

Berlin today is no place for anyone who can't stand heat.

*A trip along The Wall is both heart*breaking and inspiring. It also helps point up the stakes for the West in this divided city in which 2,200,000 West Berliners have been brutally cut off from their friends, relatives, and colleagues among the 1,100,000 Germans hemmed in behind the Soviet barricade.



Along sections of The Wall where it rises right out of one sidewalk of a Berlin street and includes the bricked-up façades of many apartment houses, as in Bernauerstrasse, there are simple wooden crosses, often surrounded by fresh flowers, where men and women have died trying to escape from East Berlin. The hated Vopos peer over the broken glass along the top of The Wall, or through the barbed wire. Standing on chairs, leaning out of apartment windows, peering through binoculars, waving handkerchiefs, holding up large signs with printed messages on them, the people of West Berlin stare and signal pathetically toward the empty windows of East Berlin hoping for some sign that a friend, sweetheart, or relative is still all right. Occasionally an arm waves hurriedly from a window and then disappears, and there is a sign of recognition from some onlooker.

Gunfire is heard frequently at night under the glare of searchlights as East Berliners risk their lives trying to cross over to freedom.

A taxi driver is reluctant to stop close to The Wall. Hoodlums or Vopos on the other side, he says, may throw tear gas grenades or stones. Near where The Wall runs through the Brandenburg Gate stands the huge Soviet War Memorial in the British sector of West Berlin. Two Soviet soldiers mount an honor guard there. They seem lonely and small, because they patrol behind heavy rolls of barbed wire which the British put up to protect them from the outraged citizenry of West Berlin. British sentries are also on duty to ensure the safety of the Russian soldiers.

The Wall of Shame, as West Berliners call it, has been a tragedy for Berlin, slicing the city in two.

Away from it the life of the Western sector goes on, yet the shadow of the events of August 13, when the Communist regime started erecting the barrier and the Allies made no move to demolish it, lies heavily on the minds and hearts of the West Berliners. This shadow also lies across their future.

West Berlin has the largest industrial production of any city in Germany, and its fac-

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tories are booming today. It is the gayest and most sophisticated city in Germany, even amidst the ruins on every side that still remind viewers of the terrible war Hitler unleashed and lost. The opening of the German production of "My Fair Lady," presented by Ingrid Bergman and her husband, was a glamourous event that would have graced any European capital. The witty West Berliners enjoyed it thoroughly, especially since its Cockney humor translated naturally into the German language and argot. The coffee houses are crowded, and the tropical roof of the Berlin Hilton is jammed every night with couples dancing to frenetic Latin American music. Modern architecture is having a field day on every side in the reconstruction of the city. The Free University of Berlin, with more than 6,000 students, has become one of the leading institutions of higher education on the continent. The city's newspapers are free and vigorous. West Berlin has as Mayor not only one of the most effective public figures in the West in Willy Brandt, but it also has the only freely elected government behind either the Iron or the Bamboo Curtains.

DESPITE an obvious effort to put up new Russian-type apartment houses along the Stalinallee, and some belated reconstruction in other parts of East Berlin, the Soviet sector of the city has the depressing atmosphere of a massive concentration camp in which few people laugh, shabbily dressed passers-by stare at foreign visitors from West Berlin as though they were from another planet, and the empty streets and bare shops are only an echo of past memories.

The firm stand by the U.S. at Checkpoint Charlie and the presence of General Clay have kept the morale of West Berlin high. There is no break in residential real estate prices. There is no exodus of people or capital to West Germany. A manufacturer who recently advertised in West Germany for thirty-five skilled workers to replace those caught in East Berlin behind The Wall filled his quota in one week. Pan American World Airways, which flies fifty-four flights a day in and out of West Berlin to all the major cities of West Germany—an increase over last winter's schedule—reports the incoming planes crowded as usual with passengers traveling to the city for business or pleasure.

Yet the shadow of The Wall is there. When West Berliners meet in the evening for cocktails or dinner the usual social greeting now is, "How are you? Do you have any plans?" The "plans" refer to what they call "putting a foot in the West," or making stand-by arrangements to have someplace to go to in West Germany should a sudden departure from West Berlin become prudent.

What would make such a departure seem prudent to people who live so vitally in a city that history has used in recent years as a sort of iron cradle for war, terror, and oppression to test the human spirit? They watch, read, and talk with avid sensitivity about every clue to the West's will and ability to maintain the freedom of West Berlin under the growing Soviet pressure. They identify so fully with the West, and with the freedom they have come to love and understand, that they can contemplate no existence under Communism.

They recognize that West Berlin as an island of freedom behind the Iron Curtain has exerted an unsettling influence on the captive Soviet satellites and been a beacon of hope toward which more than 3,300,000 persons have fled from East Germany and East Berlin. As economic and political conditions worsened in East Germany and in the other satellites, the glowing freedom of West Berlin became an even more magnetic lure. Its presence in East Germany behind the Iron Curtain was also a continuing source of confidence that the reunification of Germany remained possible.

They believe that West Berlin is a lever with which Soviet Russia, should it ever take over the city, would unhinge West Germany, NATO, and all of Western Europe. An informed official said during a discussion in General Clay's headquarters:

"These encounters in Friedrichstrasse are a childish way for great nations to conduct their affairs. There is no single point at issue here which could not be peacefully negotiated around a table very quickly if the Soviets really wanted to negotiate. But they don't want to negotiate. They don't want a settlement. They want West Berlin, because they believe that if they can get West Berlin they will eventually get West Germany and then all of Western Europe. If we keep our heads and our nerve, they will not get any of it, for we here are convinced the Soviets are not prepared to fight us for this city.

"But they will test us to the limit, and some of our Allies or our people at home may want to compromise. There are grave risks, but the visible risks of compromise are even graver. If the West Berliners become convinced we have neither the will nor the wit to preserve the life and freedom of this city then they will abandon it and the whole Western position will come unstuck."

It was argued, and in subsequent conversations both West Berliners and West Germans agreed, that a great city actually is a living organism which for all sorts of historical, cultural, and economic reasons puts its roots deep down in the soil of a country at a given point and cannot be duplicated or recreated elsewhere. Berlin is such a city, and is so involved psychologically with the West Germans and is so woven into the texture of German life and history that its loss would not be reckoned only in masonry and machinery, but as a spiritual catastrophe. West Germany can no more be separated painlessly from Berlin than France can from Paris, England from London, or Italy from Rome.

THE point was made in this discussion that the success of the Berlin airlift twelve years ago not only finally involved the United States fully and overtly in the postwar affairs of Europe, but was a demonstration of American determination and resourcefulness in conjunction with our Allies that made the Marshall Plan work and assured the success of NATO. The airlift was a political catalyst that helped turn back Communism in Western Europe.

Berlin was the key Russian target then, and it is again now.

Public and official opinion in Britain, France, and the United States must understand this. It is recognized by American circles in Berlin that among our allies there is still strong postwar bitterness toward and fear of Germany, especially a reunited Germany. What is remarkable is that this fear and distaste are in many quarters stronger than the fear and distaste of militant Communism. Yet the fact seems to be that the Germans have learned their harsh lesson from Hitler and history, and that they now identify almost completely with the democratic West. One can feel this in talking with West Berliners. They are not preoccupied with saving their skins. They want to hold in West Berlin because they want to help preserve the Atlantic community and thus the free world. They are, in fact, critical that West Germany is so bemused by its great prosperity and high standard of living that it is not as alert as it should be to the stakes in the present crisis in West Berlin, a basic bastion of Western power.

With the United States of Europe taking shape, with the Common Market laying the foundation for the economic union and prosperity of Europe, with the prospect of a Communist coup in Europe growing dimmer, with the satellites growing restless under Soviet economic and political domination, and

(*Continued on page* 33)

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A Deep Look at the Surface

By Granville Hicks

IN THE past year the work of John O'Hara has been appearing in *The New Yorker* after a considerable absence, and it has been pleasant to find it there. As I remarked in reviewing his collection of novellas, "Sermons and Soda-Water" (*SR*, Dec. 10, 1960), the shorter O'Hara is usually the better O'Hara.

"**Assembly**" (Random House, $5.95) contains twenty-six stories, ten of which were published in the *New Yorker*. "All but three or four of these stories," O'Hara says in the foreword, "were written during the summer of 1960 . . . and it was some of the most joyful writing I have ever done. The pleasure was in finding that after eleven years of not writing short stories, I could begin again and do it better." He has reason to be happy, for the best of the stories are as good as anything he has written.

The collection is nicely varied. Two of the stories are long enough to be called novellas, and others are only a few pages. One or two—*e.g.*, "You Can Always Tell Newark"—are so tightly plotted that they approach slickness, but these are exceptional. The tone is mostly quiet, though "In a Grove" bursts into melodramatic violence. Several of the stories are laid in the Pennsylvania city O'Hara calls Gibbsville, scene of "Appointment in Samarra" and "Ten North Frederick." Others deal with characters from Broadway or Hollywood, and others with the well-to-do of the Atlantic seaboard.

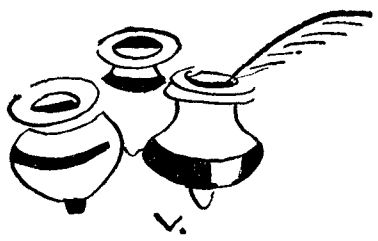
O'Hara is, as he has called himself, an old pro, and he never botches a story. On the other hand, I don't think, as he seems to, that it is technical mastery that gives his work its distinction. In the foreword he says, "There may be as many as a dozen persons in the world who are able to detect the techniques employed." He underestimates the growth of literary sophistication in recent decades. There are dozens of writers in the United States who know quite as much about technique as John O'Hara, and not a few of them are his superiors. He is good, but he doesn't stand, as he seems to think, on a lonely pinnacle.

He also, I feel, exaggerates the importance of his researches in social history. His later novels have been too heavily documented, and even in the shorter works his devotion to the precise fact is sometimes excessive. His accuracy is often a comfort. When he has a character reading Dreiser's "The 'Genius'" in 1916, you can be sure that the book had been published by that date. If he writes about the dance bands of the Twenties, you can rely on what he says. But precision of this kind is at best a minor virtue. In his foreword he writes, "If you are an author, and not just a writer, you keep learning all the time. Today, for instance, I was thinking about dialog, listening to dialog of some characters in my mind's ear, and I learned for the first time in my life that almost no woman who has gone beyond the eighth grade ever calls a fifty-cent piece a half-a-dollar." This may be true, but when O'Hara states that a careless author might spoil a characterization through ignorance of this fact, he is talking through his hat.

O'Hara's great strength is his curiosity about people, about what they do and why they do it. I have an impression that O'Hara doesn't like people, most people, very much, and he shows little compassion in his writings, but it does seem true that nothing human bores him. His sympathy has a limited range, but his interest is unbounded.

He is, of course, particularly interested in what people do about their sexual urges. When "A Rage to Live" appeared soon after the Kinsey Report, someone compared O'Hara's attitude to Dr. Kinsey's, and with justice. He has the same all-embracing curiosity and the same determination to refrain from moral judgments. If he isn't perfectly objective, neither was Kinsey.

One great difference is that O'Hara makes a place for romantic love, as several stories in "Assembly" show. In "The Man with the Broken Arm" the hero remains romantically attached to an actress who has treated him shamefully. "The Lighter When Needed" portrays a man and woman who have been devoted to one another, outside of marriage, for more than thirty years. "The High Point," "A Cold Calculating Thing," and "The Properties of Love" all deal with love that has endured for a long time, though in each instance the lovers are not married. Not all the affairs in the book, of course, are romantic. In "Mary and Norma," for instance, we have a pair of sisters-in-law who rush from infidelity to infidelity. There are some happy marriages but more unhappy ones. Sexual aberrations are touched upon. But romantic love obviously seems to O'Hara one of the observable facts of human experience.



Another theme that concerns O'Hara, and here more than ever before, is the approach of old age. "The Trip" is a beautifully done story of the way death becomes a reality to a man who has led an easy life. "Call Me, Call Me" is a sympathetic portrait of an actress who is passing her prime. In "Mrs. Stratton of Oak Knoll" a painter, getting on in years, says, "I've always been interested in the near-misses. Understandably. I'm one myself." As he moves towards sixty, O'Hara finds new phenomena with which to occupy himself.

AT THE end of his last story in the book, "A Case History," a Gibbsville lawyer named Arthur McHenry speaks angrily of a novel by one James Malloy, a character who has often served as O'Hara's *alter ego*. Dr. Drummond says he can't understand what people were so sore about. "He gave the town a black eye, that's why," the lawyer replies. "And not one damn thing he wrote about actually happened." Dr. Drummond counters: "That's what I said. But you as a lawyer, and I as a physician, we know that things *like* them happened." "Oh, hell," says McHenry, "as far as that goes, I know some things that if young Malloy ever heard about them . . ." He breaks off, and Drummond says, "So do I, Arthur."

This is nicely ironic in the context of the story, but it may also be interpreted as O'Hara's justification of his practices. He has never copied life, he is saying, but he has always sought to be lifelike. In a period in which symbolism and fantasy have become more and more important, in which any beginner can talk about levels of meaning, he has come as close to pure realism as a serious writer can. His devotion to the observed fact, though sometimes a liability, has saved his work from a certain sort of triviality. Much of what O'Hara tells us in the long novels isn't important, but that doesn't mean that none of it is. If he has been principally preoccupied with the surfaces of life, at least he has taken a hard, practiced look at those.

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Young Man from Nowhere

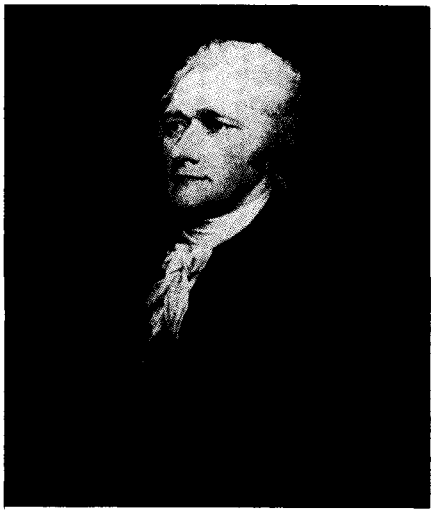
"The Papers of Alexander Hamilton," edited by Harold C. Syrett, in association with Jacob E. Cooke (Columbia University Press. Vol. I, 1768-1778. 627 pp. Vol. II, 1779-1781. 710 pp. $12.50 each. $20 the set), document the career of the great Federalist from his unprepossessing origins to his retirement from the Army at the end of the Revolutionary War. Raymond Walters, Jr., an editor of the New York Times Book Review, is the author of biographies of two of Hamilton's contemporaries.

By Raymond Walters, Jr.

HOW TIMES change! A quarter of a century ago Thomas Jefferson was revered as a farseeing humanitarian and democratic philosopher, while little was said about his shortcomings as an administrator. Today, to a younger generation, Alexander Hamilton, who has always seemed to occupy the reverse side of the coin of our national aspirations and ideals, is admired as a man of obscure background who won the respect of members of the Establishment with his schemes for rebuilding that Establishment along sounder, grander political and economic lines—and got them carried out.

Thus the climate is friendly now for the inauguration of what seems certain to become one of this century's major works of scholarly editing. When completed sometime within the next five years, it will offer in eighteen or more volumes all the known letters and documents written by Hamilton, letters to Hamilton, plus some documents directly concerning Hamilton though not written by or to him. During the half-dozen years since the project was begun, more than 17,000 items from public and private collections, many of them never before published, have been assembled and transcribed.

Fittingly, the project is in several ways the work of Hamilton's alma mater, Columbia University. A committee of distinguished Hamilton scholars headed by Columbia's vice president, John A. Krout, made the initial plans, provided shelter and constant advice, and won financial support from Time, Inc., and the Rockefeller Foundation.



—From the book.

Alexander Hamilton, 1804, from a painting by John Trumbull.

A longtime Columbia faculty member, Harold C. Syrett (now director of graduate studies at Queens College), in association with Professor Jacob E. Cooke of the Carnegie Institute of Technology, made careful selections and provided deft and unobtrusive annotations. The Columbia University Press, whose director, Charles G. Proffitt, took particular interest in the enterprise, has turned the fruit of these labors into volumes attractive to read and pleasant to hold.

The two volumes with which the project makes its debut document Hamilton's career from his shadowy origins in the West Indies to his retirement from the Army at the end of the Revolutionary War, when he was in his mid-twenties. Although they will have to be consulted by every serious student of American institutions and life, it would be difficult for a reader lacking some prior knowledge of his life or a biography within arm's reach to learn very much about Alexander Hamilton from the first and second volumes alone. (The case will probably be otherwise with subsequent volumes, covering years for which the record of Hamilton's activities is fuller.)

As one reads these volumes—with some knowledge of his life and some access to a biography—one is impressed by how much of what is known about Hamilton until the time he joined the Army is based on hearsay, conjecture, and circumstantial evidence. The papers offered here do confirm long-held suspicions that he was the illegitimate offspring of a Danish planter's wife and the shiftless younger son of a Scottish laird; that he was born in 1755 rather than 1757, as most reference books say, which makes his precociousness remarkable but not incredible. The papers show him to have been industrious and shrewd when as a youth he was left in charge of a St. Croix trading firm; to have been guilty of deep purple passages in writing a description of a hurricane, his first published literary effort. Even on the years during which he was a student at a New Jersey academy and at King's College (later Columbia) the record is fragmentary. As for the "Speech in the Fields" of 1774, which biographers have been fond of citing to mark Hamilton's enlistment in the Revolutionary cause, the editors say succinctly: "There is no evidence, newspaper or other, that Hamilton made such a speech or even attended the meeting."

If Hamilton was a man who seemed to come out of nowhere, it is equally evident that he had a particular knack for attracting the attention and winning the support of persons in a position to advance his career. His relations with Hugh Knox, the Presbyterian minister who published his description of the hurricane and so laid the way for his coming to the North American mainland, is a case in point. So also are his associations with Catherine Livingston, daughter of New Jersey's Governor, to whom he wrote flirtatious letters; John Jay, President of the Continental Congress, to whom he offered advice on political strategy; George Clinton, Governor of New York, at whose home he managed to spend several days during an illness; General Philip Schuyler, one of the Hudson River feudal barons, whose daughter Hamilton married; and, of course, George Washington, whom Hamilton served as aide-de-camp and for whom he wrote the many letters signed by the General reproduced or synopsized in these volumes.

THE pride and ambition that drove Hamilton onward and upward keep cropping out. "I contemn the grov'ling and condition of a Clerk or the like, to which my Fortune &c. condemns me and would willingly risk my life tho' not my Character to exalt my Station. . . . I shall Conclude saying I wish there was a War," he wrote when he was fourteen. Ten years later, explaining his resignation from Washington's staff over a fancied slight, he confessed: "I always disliked the office of an Aide de Camp as having in it a kind of personal dependance." His subsequent request to be placed in charge of a corps of light infantry had a characteristic

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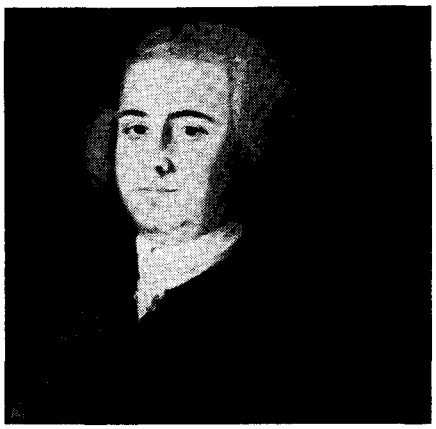
consequence: he was able to win some personal glory at Yorktown.

The image of the young man from nowhere hurrying toward fame and power has made many Americans forget that there were more appealing sides to Hamilton's personality. Happily some of these are reflected in the papers printed here. There are tender, indeed passionate letters to his fiancée and bride, "angelic Betsy" Schuyler. There is evidence that he attempted to track down his father to share with him some of his success. In a letter in which he is discussing the desirability of enlisting Negroes as soldiers, he blurts out the suggestion that it will serve as "opening a door to their emancipation. This circumstance, I must confess, has no small weight in inducing me to wish the success of the project; for the dictates of humanity and true policy equally interest me in favor of this unfortunate class of men."

It is, of course, as a farsighted, constructive statesman that Hamilton holds his towering and enduring place in our national tradition. Many pages in these volumes are devoted to notes, essays, and pamphlets which show the beginnings of that genius. In "The Farmer Refuted" (1775) he ably pleaded the cause of the Continental Congress against Great Britain. In a letter to James Duane in 1780 and in "The Continentalist Papers" of the following year he cogently urged the need for a stronger government along more federal lines. In a letter to Robert Morris in 1781 he sketched a bold and constructive plan for a national bank.

The conclusion of the second volume leaves Hamilton on the threshold of his career as the Great Federalist. It will be fascinating to watch this intellect, great beyond question, and this personality, dominated by cold ambition but leavened by human warmth, as they evolve through the volumes, the years, and the crises yet to come.



—*From the book.*

John Adams in 1766, aged thirty-one, from a portrait by Benjamin Blyth.

History of a Family and a Nation

"Diary and Autobiography of John Adams. Vol. I, Diary 1755-1770; Vol. II, Diary 1771-1781; Vol. III, Diary 1782-1804; Autobiography Through 1776; Vol. IV, Autobiography 1777-1780," edited by L. H. Butterfield, assisted by Leonard C. Faber and Wendell D. Garrett *(Belknap Press. Vol. I, 365 pp., Vol. II, 458 pp., Vol. III, 449 pp., Vol. IV, 254 pp. $30 the set), initiate "The Adams Papers," which will ultimately span five generations of a distinguished family and the American history with which they were so intimately involved. "The War for the Union" is the latest work by Allan Nevins.*

By Allan Nevins

NO PRAISE can be too high for this work. In production, in illustrations, in management of the text and, above all, in editing it not only does justice to two of the most important and fascinating of American historical documents, but sets a standard for such undertakings. When the Adams archives, that unrivaled collection of diaries, letters, and other papers pertaining to our most distinguished family over a span of three centuries, were confided to the Massachusetts Historical Society, and funds were obtained for their publication, the critical question was the choice of an editor. Much was demanded of him. Other enterprises of this kind—the publication of the Jefferson, Franklin, Clay, Calhoun, Woodrow Wilson, and other papers—have called for editors expert in the forces, events, men, and ideas of one lifetime. The Adamses, however, from John born in 1735 to Henry and Brooks living but yesterday, cover five long generations; they touch American life intimately, sometimes controllingly, from the Stamp Act to the eve of the First World War; and the editor of their records must be master of our whole history.

The scrupulous care, the wealth of scholarly knowledge, the incisive judgment shown by Mr. Butterfield and his associates are an earnest that the tremendous labor before them will be executed in a way to delight the general reader while satisfying the specialist. It is a rich feast that we have before us. In these volumes the diary in particular can well be called a classic, and this attractive edition should help rescue it from undeserved neglect. After these books we are promised John Quincy Adams's more voluminous and outspoken diary, of which we are told perhaps half has never been published before. It will be followed by Charles Francis Adams's diary 1820-1880, known thus far by "only a few snippets." The journals and recollections of Louisa Adams (Mrs. John Quincy Adams) will fill a volume entirely new. Then, in a new series, will come the correspondence of the Adamses, from the love letters of John and Abigail beginning 1762 to the death of Abigail Brooks Adams in 1889: "an unbroken record of changing modes of domestic life, religious views and habits, travel, servants, dress, food, schooling, reading," and a hundred other matters.

And this, happily, is far from all. After the family letters we shall be given a third series of general correspondence and papers, a comprehensive selection of letters to as well as by the statesmen concerned, and from their other writings. In the end the whole of the Adams papers will run to eighty or a hundred volumes; and this collection will be but the most interesting and significant part of a huge corpus that will be distributed to libraries in the form of microfilm. It is reassuring to know that these treasures will be given us under the admirable editorial supervision of Lyman Butterfield and Messrs. Faber and Garrett. May their lives be long!

WHEN Charles Francis Adams brought out John Adams's diary and autobiography as part of the ten-volume, dark-brown set of his grandfather's works well over a century ago, he combined the two documents. That is, he used the diary as basis, and parts of the autobiography to fill in gaps and add significant extra matter. This plan turned out to be confusing, gave the reader irritating interruptions, and excluded considerable autobiographical matter. Mr. Butterfield's wise respect for the integrity of each document preserves the full value and human appeal of both. After all, the psychology behind the two is very different; and in such a matter (for example) as Adams's wonderful record of his journey with Franklin and Edward Rutledge to confer with Lord Howe on Staten Island in 1776, psy-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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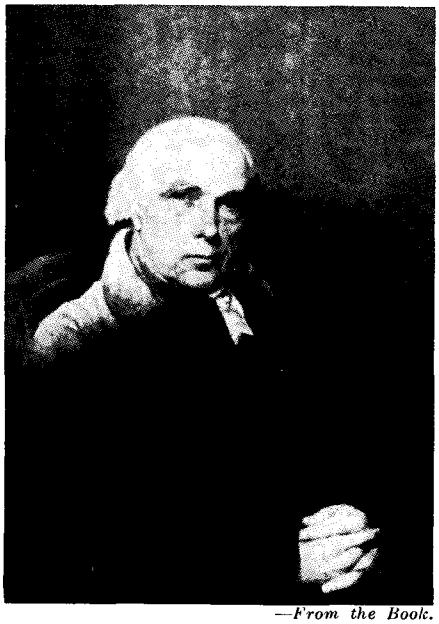
The Constitution under Fire

***"James Madison: Commander in Chief, 1812-1836," by Irving Brant** (Bobbs-Merrill. 532 pp. $7.50), concludes a six-volume biography that examines every political problem faced by the "father of the Constitution." Adrienne Koch has written several books about leading eighteenth-century statesmen.*

By Adrienne Koch

MORE than thirty years of study have gone into the preparation of this biography of James Madison, of which the present volume is the sixth and concluding one. With roughly half a lifetime invested in his subject, Mr. Brant must have seen in Madison some unfulfilled potentiality that created a sturdy sense of life-mission for the biographer. What, in short, does the biographer present to us about his subject on this extensive canvas that no one had properly told us before? The answer that comes to us, volume by volume, is essentially this: James Madison has always been assigned an honored role as "father of the Constitution"—but he was far more than that. He was, according to Mr. Brant, the greatest practical statesman of the continuous transition from Confederation to early Republic and through the "second war for independence," the War of 1812.

Further, Mr. Brant insists that "when Madison's presidential standing is brought up to the level compelled by the historical record" he must be reckoned among great Presidents of the order of Washington and Jefferson, for all these three men held "first rank among American statesmen" quite apart from what they achieved in the Presidency. This statement is obviously somewhat circular, throwing back the claims for Madison as a "great President" to his established greatness "among American statesmen." The interesting point, however, is not that Mr. Brant has difficulty in deciding whether to call Madison a great President or not, but that he has really succeeded in strengthening the position of Madison's leadership during his Presidential years. What is now shattered (and about time) is the older view of Madison the President as a "weakling" who was dragged, terrified, into an



—*From the Book.*

James Madison, 1817, from a portrait by Joseph Wood.

opéra-bouffe war that was resisted by an enemy within as well as without. Seditious New Englanders defied the President and then promptly howled "tyrant" when he tried to deal with them firmly but peaceably. Mr. Brant, keeping close to the documentary record always, maintains that this underrating of Madison as President and Commander in Chief in the War of 1812 is a systematic distortion. Madison, who normally excelled in judgment and common sense, did so again as President. He saw the necessity of a war with England and himself helped to prepare opinion to be ready to support the event. Although he could not eliminate them, he learned how to face the "titanic difficulties heaped on him by the refusal of New England to take part in the war." Throughout the precarious course of the war he struggled with this handicap with admirable self-control, never moving to repress freedom of speech or press, and in time learning to grasp military operations and to appraise the worth of military officers.

But even Mr. Brant cannot bring himself to call Madison a "strong" Commander in Chief. He admits that the President lacked the "ruthlessness to weed out incompetence at the first demonstration of incapacity"—a charitable (if slightly silly) description of Madison's reluctance to call for the resignation of Secretary of War Armstrong even after the President himself had blasted him, to his face, for never having "proposed or suggested a single precaution or arrangement" for the safety of Washington, "everything done on that subject having been brought forward by myself." What strikes one in this critical situation is not Madison's "virtue" of patience in overlooking Armstrong's failures, but his delay in firing such a dire incompetent.

Since this volume must function in a dual capacity—continuing the story of Madison's Presidency, and of the years of his retirement from public office, but also summing up the significance of the entire study—it poses peculiar problems. Mr. Brant's decision is to give his major attention to the fairly literal story of what Madison did from the opening of the War of 1812 until the day (February 17, 1815) when the scholarly "Commander in Chief" was able to inform his countrymen of victory and peace. Approximately 380 pages are devoted to the activities of "The Commander in Chief"; the 150 remaining pages must serve to "cover" the remaining twenty years of Madison's life and the subtler demands of defining Madison's mental and moral traits, and appraising the significance of his various contributions to his country for the forty-year period of his public service.

The limitations of such a proportioning are or should be evident. Madison's personal life, including his extraordinarily rich life as a man of ideas, of study, can only be presented in the thinnest possible surface way. Madison's role among other contemporaries can never be properly developed, so that an artificial vacuum is created in which Madison must figure much as a lone protagonist who deals with only shadowy "others." The author clings stubbornly to the narration of political argument and event and does much to fill out the exact record of Madison's doings and sayings over a singularly eventful political career. To offset some of these serious disappointments in the biography there is the advantage of a conscientious examination of every political problem that Madison faced.

Oddly enough, this sixth volume, in its last, crowded 150 pages, raises (all too briefly) some of the most profound Constitutional questions, and questions of political theory, of the entire set. As the South Carolina doctrine of nullification and secession made its evil way to the minds of men in the early 1830s Madison was appealed to as the greatest Constitutional authority in America to say whether that doctrine was sanctioned by the Kentucky and Virginia

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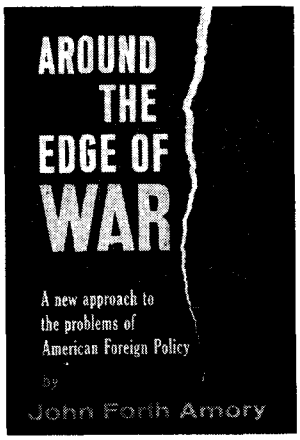
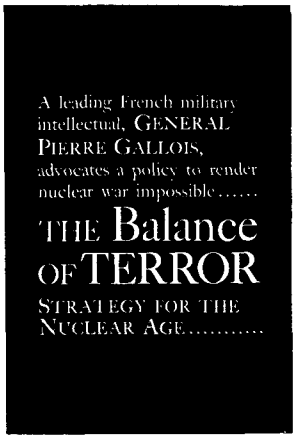
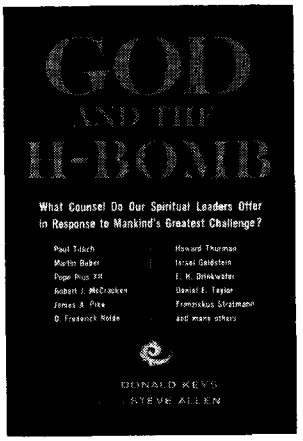
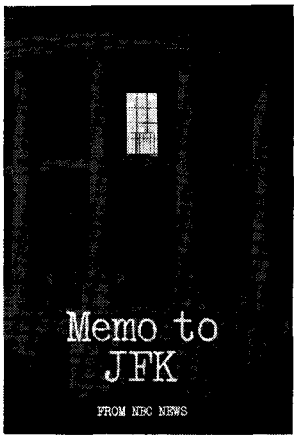
Books in the News




A leading French military intellectual, GENERAL PIERRE GALLOIS, advocates a policy to render nuclear war impossible.....
THE Balance OF TERROR
STRATEGY FOR THE NUCLEAR AGE.....





People as Weapons

By Joachim Remak, *an associate professor of history at Lewis and Clark College in Oregon*

THE ARGUMENT made in **"Around the Edge of War"** (Clarkson N. Potter, $4.50) is a simple one: For some time now, asserts John Forth Amory (a pseudonym), the United States and the USSR have been in possession of sufficient nuclear armaments to have reached a military stalemate. Yet American foreign policy has ignored this fact; we have "clung to our atomic symbol like a child to its first teddy-bear." The Russians, on the other hand, acting with far greater wisdom, have taken the stalemate into account and have inflicted diplomatic defeat after diplomatic defeat on the United States. Millions of people, in a dozen lands, he asserts, have freely "moved toward the Soviet Union," and American foreign policy today is in a state of "near-collapse."

Why and how? One answer solves the riddle. The Russians have used the "people-weapon," while the United States has been dealing exclusively with the "power élite." Moscow has consistently taken the part of the rising people in various regions of the world, but particularly in the underdeveloped areas—or, to quote Mr. Amory again, in "the upheaval lands"—while Washington has chosen to side with the reactionary oppressors of the people, colonial or native. Thus the Soviets have moved with the tide, the Americans against it. Not only has this policy been foolish, it has also been immoral, since it has meant a betrayal of our Jeffersonian heritage that the people should rule.

The way, then, to turn the nuclear stalemate to our advantage is to use the "people-weapon" ourselves. We should rebuild our entire intelligence machinery and propaganda network, stop joining in "the croakings of wealth against the ascendancy of the people," and lend our support to such "normal and Jeffersonian" revolutions as the Pathet Laos or Castro's Cuba.

How much of a chance is there that we will? Some, but not much. Some, since with the advent of the Kennedy Administration there has come to Washington "the so-called Harvard set, who despite years of cultivation of 'doublethink' . . . nevertheless retained from their Roosevelt era mentors a vestigial skill in analysis." Not much, since, while the new Administration might be aware of the problems facing us, it has been inhibited from acting on them by the influence exercised by American big business on the formulation of our foreign policy. "The Harvard set," having long ago "barked their shins in a modest tea-room conflict with American business interests," has been "by no means eager to give up their newly regained status in a similar engagement."

BUT this brief summing-up may not do the pseudonymous Mr. Amory justice, since it neglects the truly ingenious variety of additional details—all basic to the argument—that are false either in whole or in part. Let us therefore cite just a few. Why do we face a cold war in the first place? Easy; the United States started it. The charge may need no comment, no more than the observation that elections in the Western democracies serve largely as a "safety valve"—but a few other statements might be balanced with some facts. "Massive retaliation," as Professor Fred Greene recently pointed out in a brilliant essay appearing in "American Diplomacy in a New Era" [*SR*, Sept. 9], was a phrase born of sheer necessity (we found ourselves long on strategic and short of tactical weapons at the time); it was never a "magic incantation," as Mr. Amory would have it, nor was "brinkmanship" ever an American policy. It is utterly wrong to say, as Mr. Amory does, that in the Russian Revolution "Lenin had more trouble overcoming the peasantry than he had in removing capitalists and aristocrats." Rather, it was part of Lenin's political genius that he made common cause with the peasants during the revolution. His slogan was not Collectivization, but Bread, Land, and Peace, and the bulk of the Russian peasantry found these words most attractive. Nor, to go back a bit farther in history, did the France of Louis XVI represent "the most reactionary regime on earth." Nor bad as the McCarthy years were, were the Fifties a period of "panic" during which our "government agencies were indiscriminately purged of non-rightists." Nor—but the selection may do.

These errors at least have the virtue of clarity. But equally often the argument is made in language about as sharply defined as the contours of fog. What, for instance, does it mean to call Marxism a "word symbol"? What do such terms preferred or coined by Mr. Amory as "folk war" or "people level" or, best of all, "diaclanism"—applied to all "breakthrough" movements the author favors—in truth signify? What connections have these abstractions with the actual events taking place at the moment in Cuba or Turkey or Poland?

Or how does one come to grips with this statement:

> On a typical day, 75 to 85 per cent of all "news" in two New York afternoon papers was found to be either outright propaganda from one source or another or demonstrably angled—not counting advertisements, which

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of course are also propaganda of a sort.

"Found to be?" But by whom? What afternoon papers? And what does the term "demonstrably angled" mean? It is all as elusive as Mr. Amory's description by his publisher as "a strategically placed Washington expert." Strategically placed how? Expert on what?

What is clear enough, however, and central to the book's whole thesis, is the acceptance of the Marxist simplification of history: the division of all society into "oppressors" and "oppressed," and the interpretation of all events as a struggle between these two groups. "The minority power élite," parasites and exploiters to a man (the BAD people in short), have but "one deadly enemy, their own people" (the GOOD folk). The division might be most blatant in the "upheaval areas," but it "should be noted . . . that the member of the out-group, the nonparticipant in power, has little more to say in a democracy that he does in a dictatorship; he is equally subject to the concealed or overt iron hand whenever he strays from the straight and narrow path delineated for him."

Oh, if only the world were that simple! If only we could be entirely sure that right and virtue resided in the "out-group." If only revolutions had their origins in causes as plain as the struggle of the "have-nots" against the "haves." But let us accept Mr. Amory's argument at face value for a moment; let us see the world his way and consider the steps he urges us to take. Washington would become the center of world revolution, giving aid and comfort to each and every "folk war." Could one think of anything that would bring this nation into more effective disrepute? (Let us imagine a foreign ambassador to Washington who spent his funds and energies to aid the activities of either the American Troskyites or the John Birchers.) And to whom would we be extending our aid if we followed Mr. Amory's rule? Should not this country have supported Hitler and his Nazi movement in the Thirties? Surely they represented German "people-power" at that time. Should not we have been Perón's enthusiastic partisans? Apparently, Perón had the interest of the shirtless ones at heart, and certainly the shirtless ones thought so.

No, this is an outrageous argument and an outrageous book. It is also a book one puts aside with profound unease. Too often have such glib half-truths been stronger than the uncomfortably complex facts; too often have terrible simplifications like Mr. Amory's been more effective than reasoned argument.

The Logic of Ballistics

By Frank Altschul, *who is the chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association*

IMPRESSED by the precise Gallic logic demonstrated by General Pierre Gallois in **"The Balance of Terror: Strategy for the Nuclear Age"** (translated by Richard Howard, Houghton Mifflin, $4), one is inclined to say with Addison, "Plato, thou reason'st well." But a footnote should be added. In a field in which there are so many imponderables and so little practical experience to serve as a guide, assumptions and conclusions may prudently be regarded as somewhat less than dogmatic.

"The logic of the ballistic age," according to M. Gallois, "favors the attacked power." This is a novel and a comforting concept. It rests upon the notion that if the retaliatory forces are sufficiently dispersed and protected, then, even in the event of a surprise attack, enough bombers and missiles would still be available to permit visiting utter devastation on the attacker's homeland. The theory is that the victim of the initial blow would direct his response to such readily identifiable targets as the principal cities of his adversary. The prospect of such an assault with thermonuclear warheads could hardly be looked upon with equanimity, and furnishes what the author of this book considers to be a promising basis for a "policy of dissuasion."

Admittedly, dissuasion is likely to be effective only if two conditions are met. First, the dispersal and protection of the deterrent force must be carried to such a point that the survival of a part of it adequate to the task of retaliation is assured. And, second, there must be no doubt in the mind of any aggressor about the ability and determination of the prospective victim to launch immediately a retaliatory blow of devastating proportions. General Gallois is satisfied that these conditions can be met, certainly in any direct confrontation between the Soviet Union and the United States. This leads him to the somewhat surprising contention that "for its own security, the United States must desire the potential of Soviet dissuasion to be as invulnerable as its own."

But while there should be no question in anyone's mind about the nature of our response were we to be subjected to a direct Soviet attack, General Gallois asserts that many question today how we would respond to an attack on one of our NATO allies. When the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was formed, we enjoyed an atomic monopoly and our guarantee was meaningful and dependable. But now our European allies begin to wonder whether, if one of them were attacked, we might not be tempted to stand aside rather than expose ourselves to a nuclear riposte. The agreement set forth in Article 5 of the North Atlantic Security Pact to the effect that an attack on any one of the signatories "shall be considered an attack against them all" has lost none of its binding force, but the obligation that it entails is less categorically stated.

THE author's suggestion is that we embark upon a program of nuclear decentralization, under appropriate safeguards but nonetheless to the end that no Western European nation could be singled out for attack without the potentiality of retaliation remaining more or less securely in its own hand. This, it is presumed, would reinforce the retaliatory threat of SAC, and would at the same time bolster the confidence of our NATO allies.

In a few provocative paragraphs General Gallois explores the implications of the nuclear age for the normal functioning of the democratic process. In the past we have relied upon an informed public opinion as a guide to government in the formulation and implementation of policy. But at a time when so much information of critical importance is classified, or else is incomprehensible to the average layman, the making of decisions becomes more and more the responsibility of a presumably competent élite.

This is a far cry from our accustomed ways. The manner in which we Americans meet the challenge to our position in West Berlin may throw a revealing light on how capably this responsibility will be discharged, for at stake may well be not only the integrity of NATO but indeed the very survival of those cherished values of Western civilization which it has become our allotted task to defend.

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Morality or Strategy?

By John C. Bennett, *who is the dean of the faculty at Union Theological Seminary*

THERE have been far too few discussions in this country of the religious and ethical issues involved in the use of nuclear weapons. Instead, there has been a tendency to subordinate religion and morality to the demands of political and military strategy. I believe that a deterioration of conscience can be traced to the acceptance by nearly everyone inside and outside the churches of obliteration-bombing in the Second World War. A few words of remonstrance were spoken by leaders of the churches, but in the main it came to be accepted that there is no injury that you may not do to the populations of an enemy nation at a distance. The dropping of the atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were part of this general pattern.

Today there is far more at stake than the moral decision to commit a particular atrocity, to drop one or two atom bombs on centers of population; there is the loud advocacy of a policy of *initiating* what is called "a nuclear exchange" if at some point it is regarded as strategically necessary to do so during a conflict over Berlin. Such an exchange would destroy Berlin, and it might well destroy scores of millions of people, the institutions of freedom, and the possibilities of recovery for decades in most of the countries of the northern hemisphere. And yet the moral issues raised by this initiation of the nuclear phase of a war are subordinated in almost all public discussion to the claims of strategy.

"God and the H-Bomb," edited by Donald Keys (Bernard Geis, $3.50), is a volume that brings a most needed witness to this situation, to this moral vacuum. An anthology rather than a series of essays, most of its varied contents were written for other occasions. There is no one position presented. There is no direct dealing with the particular problems of disarmament or of cold war strategy. While many of the authors are nuclear pacifists, there is no agreement among them concerning unilateral nuclear disarmament or the use of tactical nuclear weapons in limited war, though I am sure that most of them would reject the latter, not necessarily on absolutistic grounds but because they doubt if nuclear war can be kept limited. I think that the one conviction that is shared by most of the authors is that all-out nuclear attacks on centers of population is beyond all limits set by religion and morality. Steve Allen in his moving preface quotes Father John C. Ford, S.J., one of the most noted Catholic moral theologians, as saying: "If I assert that it is wrong to kill a million school-children, I do not have to prove my assertion. It is those who assert the contrary who have the burden of proof."

A number of the other authors are Roman Catholics who relate the traditional idea of the "just war" to the present situation either in terms of nuclear pacifism or in terms of an insistence on limited war. A statement is included by Pope Pius XII that emphasizes the consequences of nuclear war and calls for agreement on controls. Bishop Sheen is quoted as saying that wholesale nuclear war is never justifiable. There are very strong statements, too, for a radical renunciation of the use of nuclear weapons from Catholic laymen.

Most of the Protestants who are included also renounce the use of nuclear weapons entirely. These include Roland Bainton, Norman Gottwald, Georgia Harkness, Harold Fey, and, less explicitly, Robert J. McCracken. Paul Tillich, Bishop Pike, and Frederick Nolde are Protestants who are seeking to define a position which is less absolutistic and yet calls for great restraint on religious and moral grounds. American Protestants generally, outside this volume, have not come to face these issues with the discrimination that is common among Catholic moralists. They tend to be unilateralists or to subordinate ethics to strategy. The Jewish writers are difficult to classify in relation to policy, but Martin Buber's prophetic appeal to the politicians to save the life of the human race expresses the basic spirit of the volume as a whole.

It is perhaps misleading to categorize these authors, for the main purpose of the volume is to move the discussion away from sole emphasis on political and military strategy to a fresh consideration of moral imperatives.

Dear Mr. President . . .

By August Heckscher, *author of "A Pattern of Politics"*

IT IS somewhat disconcerting to receive a book in the form of a memo; especially when the memo is from a group of newscasters and addressed to the President of the United States. The method seems rather tricky. Open letters addressed to well-known public figures are a standard item in the repertoire of newspaper columnists, reserved for days when inspiration fails; and the thought of a whole book, more than 300 pages, composed in the form of this elaborate fiction is enough to daunt the prospective reader. It need not do so, however. The essays and reports included in **"Memo to JFK from NBC News"** (Putnam, $4.50) make good reading in themselves; the form imposes no restraints upon them and stimulates the authors to no quaint stylistic devices. Indeed, one must assume that the whole idea of the title, with its jacket suggesting that the President is burning the midnight oil while waiting to hear from NBC, was an afterthought.

Read not as advice to the Chief Executive but as the background thinking of men who are reporting the world's news, the book has genuine interest. One half expects to hear overtones of doom, to see a style distorted by the necessity for rapid oral delivery. But these marks of the trade do not appear. These broadcasters can still write—in complete sentences, in rounded paragraphs. More than that, they can think. The pressure of the day's events has not made them insensitive to underlying forces nor unaware of long-term possibilities and developments. On the basis of these pieces by the NBC staff, one can say that the American public is being well served, by men of enlightenment and political sophistication, balanced in their views and refreshingly free from stereotypes.

In one regard the book does emphasize the shortcomings of American

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The Secrets of Satan

***"The Spinoza of Market Street," by Isaac Bashevis Singer** (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 214 pp. $3.95), gathers short stories that reveal the highly individual traits of an outstanding Yiddish writer. Eugene Goodheart teaches literature at Bard College.*

By Eugene Goodheart

AS ALMOST every serious reader of modern literature knows by now, Isaac Bashevis Singer is the greatest contemporary Yiddish writer, perhaps the greatest Yiddish writer of all time. His previous books, "Satan in Goray," "Gimpel the Fool and Other Stories," and "The Magician of Lublin," have achieved a reputation unique in Yiddish literature. In full possession of the Jewish tradition (he is singularly unaffected by the American experience), Singer is nevertheless free of the parochial pieties of the Yiddish writer. Though his irony, lyricism, grotesque fantasy, and sense of the absurd connect him with the tradition of modern American and European writing, he is finally *sui generis*: an original.

The devices of Singer's fiction have all the calculation of the magician's art: they are sudden, elaborate, explicit, intriguing; and yet, like the gestures of the magician, they refuse to disclose their secret. "It is well-known that I love to arrange strange marriages, delighting in such mismatings as an old man with a young girl, an unattractive widow with a youth in his prime, a cripple with a great beauty, a cantor with a deaf woman, a mute with a braggart." Thus the Evil One, Singer's favorite *persona,* announces himself in "The Destruction of Kreshev," the most brilliant of this new collection of stories. The announcement is a prelude to one of the most devilish pieces of matchmaking Singer's black magician has ever contrived. At the instigation of the Evil One a Yeshiva student, sexually impotent and mentally hyperactive, tempts his lovely wife to the enactment of an obscene sexual fantasy. As is usual with Singer, the sexual obsession is complicated by Jewish tradition. The young man, a devotee of Sabbatai Zevi, the false messiah of the seventeenth century, conceives the apocalyptic moment as the occasion for the unleashing of evil impulses. "Since this generation cannot become completely pure, let it grow completely impure." The fantasy, too elaborate to summarize, is enacted, and in the first of the ironic reversals of the story the young man confesses his sins, brings the judgment of the Polish *shtetl* down upon his wife, the lover, and himself, and finally, through another reversal, the severity of the communal judgment recoils upon the community and destroys it *in a fire.*

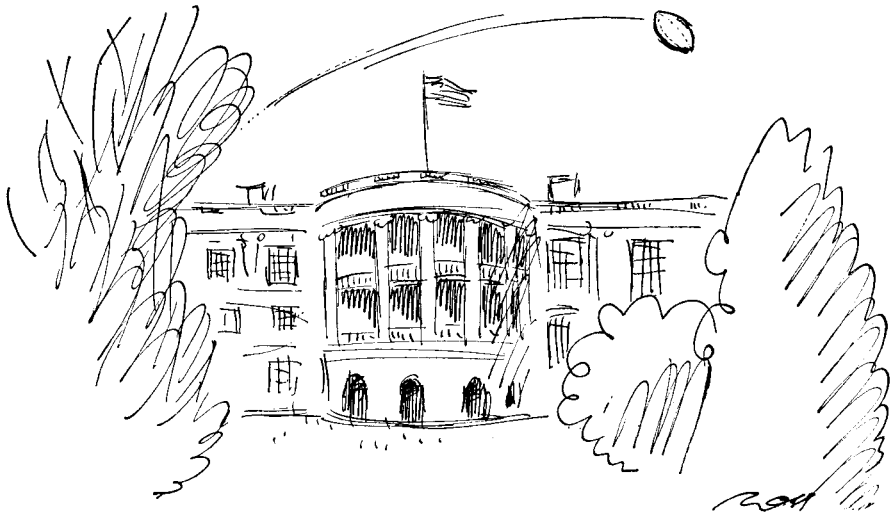
The story is marvelous (in both senses of the word) and enigmatic. Is this a moral tale in which the sinner gets his just deserts? Or has the Satanic doctrine of impurity been perversely validated, the penitence of the young man representing an exhaustion from the immersion in obscenity, a moral equilibrium achieved through evil? We are never sure.

The ambiguous implication of "The Destruction of Kreshev" is characteristic of the other stories. (Indeed, sometimes the moral ambivalence, the sexual obsession, the fascination with cruelty threaten to become a manner, as in the rather weak story "The Black Wedding.") In the title story, "The Spinoza of Market Street," the rational and ethical self-possession of Dr. Fischelson is undermined in a moment's folly: in a sudden access of sexual vitality he consummates his marriage to the obscenely ugly Black Dobbe. Standing before the window and looking out upon "the divine substance," Dr. Fischelson murmurs, "Divine Spinoza, forgive me, I have become a fool."

No one sensitive to Singer's peculiar elusiveness could make of this story, as does the writer of the blurb, an account of a rationalist's "fall and redemption." The demonic powers reign supreme in Singer's world, but they are not celebrated or affirmed. If these powers contain the "secret" that makes for our bafflement, our sense of mystery, Singer nevertheless refuses to strike the conventional reverent attitude, for he knows that the sacred can be merciless as well as gracious.

PARISIAN PASTICHE: It is a disappointment to have to report that Philippe Sollers's first novel, **"A Strange Solitude"** (translated by Richard Howard, Grove paperback, $1.95), does not seem to justify the high praise it has received from such seasoned novelists as François Mauriac and Louis Aragon. The young author is well-read, and in the sparse pages of his novelette he conglomerates a series of pastiches: the adolescent love-search of Radiguet, the objective self-contemplation of Rimbaud, the spirituality of sin found in a Mauriac novel, the wonderment over ordinary objects reminiscent of the *"Paysan de Paris"* of Aragon, and even the asthma of Proust, are all there—on the surface.

The hero is seen first at sixteen and then at twenty, and the heroine is a Spanish woman fourteen years older than her young lover. She is envisaged as a nymphomaniac with overtones of Lesbianism, but let us hasten to add that nothing sensational comes of it all. These two persons are placed in a complete vacuum: their surroundings, unpeopled, are like cardboard scenery, first identified as a house in the southwest of France, inhabited by the young man and his maid, Concha, who serves him in more ways than one. Later the location is Paris, where the young man goes to school and lives in a bare room. No parents at home, no classmates or teachers at school, just a "strange" solitude, occasionally in-



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vaded by shadows of prostitutes. At the end of his intermittent affair with Concha, the boy feels the ecstasy of having grown up.

If the redeeming feature of young Sollers's writing is his style—and no doubt this is what has attracted his elders—unfortunately Richard Howard, who generally turns out such excellent translations, evidently did not have his heart in this one; the cumbersome English gives no inkling of the literary qualities of the French prose.

It is too bad that youth today has to have its every "essay" printed. In Proust's time, and Valéry's, this one would have gone quietly into a drawer and been unearthed many years later as an "early work."

—Anna Balakian.

ROMEO AIRBORNE: Robert Henry is one of those strange writers who insist on the anonymity of a pen name while offering a photograph on the dust jacket of the book. If anyone is anxious to find out who Robert Henry really is, here is what little I could glean of the man from his novel "**Crosswind**" (Viking, $4.95): he knows everything about flying, a great deal about Latin America, and too much about the writing technique of Mickey Spillane. This makes it fairly obvious that "Crosswind" concerns itself with Latin America, flying, and that cardboard world where all men are men and all women are horizontal.

The basic plot is Romeo and Juliet smothered in chili sauce. Luke Hadley, American flyer, comes to Ruedo, somewhere in Latin America, to manage the little national airline. He falls in love with Celia Vidal, niece of a leader of a political faction opposed to the powers who control Luke's airline. Needless to say, this creates seemingly insurmountable problems for Luke. But, what with revolution, derring-do, and the author's stranglehold on the plot, boy gets girl.

It's only honest and right that I admit that I've never been a good air traveler. I'm that passenger on whom the stewardess keeps a nervous eye. Therefore, in fairness to Robert Henry, I took a heavy dose of dramamine when halfway through his book. It didn't help. —Haskel Frankel.

SCIENCE

Human Side of Discovery

***"IGY: The Year of the New Moons," by J. Tuzo Wilson** (Knopf. 329 pp. $5.95), **"Assault on the Unknown," by Walter Sullivan** (McGraw-Hill. 418 pp. $7.95), and **"Antarctic Command," by Captain Finn Ronne** (Bobbs-Merrill. 268 pp. $5), recount some of the trials and achievements of the International Geophysical Year, in the field of international affairs as well as of science. Edwin Diamond is a general editor of Newsweek, in charge of the science and space-atom departments.*

By Edwin Diamond

THE INTERNATIONAL GEOPHYSICAL YEAR, an unprecedented sixty-seven-nation study of the land beneath us, the sea around us, and the space between earth and the sun, began with both a bang and a whimper. On June 28, 1957, three days before the eighteen-month-long "Year" was to start, a giant flare erupted on the sun, sending out a burst of hot hydrogen gas. On the morning of July 1 the shower of electrified particles began raining down upon the upper atmosphere. A magnetic storm enveloped the earth, long-range communications were blacked out, and from coast to coast across the United States and Canada volunteer observers witnessed brilliant auroral displays. At the same time men were proving somewhat less cooperative; in Uccle, a suburb of Brussels, the ruling committee of the IGY, trying mightily to solve the question of the participation of the "Two Chinas," failed in the face of Taiwan's contentiousness and Peking's intransigence.

Throughout the rest of 1957 and 1958, the sun, entering its stormy cycle, continued its cooperation while IGY men recorded the terrestrial effects. The performance of nations, with few exceptions, improved considerably; the IGY, acting outside the usual framework of politics and diplomacy, was a resounding scientific success. The story of this success, and of the way it was brought about, is dealt with by both J. Tuzo Wilson, professor of geophysics at the University of Toronto, and by Walter Sullivan, chief science writer for the New York *Times*.

Wilson, the scientist, spends as much time on the "human side" of the IGY as on the programs of study. His chapters alternate between an account of his travels around the world to meet with IGY project leaders and a report on the scientific results. Some of the ground is familiar—Wilson's journey across China in the summer of 1958 was described in his early, widely acclaimed book, "One Chinese Moon"—but much is new and fresh. With his sharp, geophysicist's eyes, Wilson observed the threadbare pride of Romanian scientists after seventeen years of occupation by the Russian Army. "It was enough," he writes, "for me to see the skill and loving care with which they tended their ancient telescopes. . . . their pride in books and maps of their country which they published, and the devotion of the favored graduate students allowed to work in the faded laboratories of an ancient professor." In the Russian academies and institutions he visited Wilson found new but already deteriorating buildings that housed work of the highest excellence. The Soviet students and researchers, he notes, were bright and enthusiastic yet suffered a crippling handicap: their IGY studies had infused them with great curiosity about the world that was impossible to satisfy because of the difficulties of getting passports to travel, not only abroad but within the USSR.

Wilson's excursions into popular science writing generally do not measure up to the level of his travel writing. The major IGY findings are described—the existence of the twin Van Allen radiation belts; the evidence for the "pear-shaped" earth; the complex interractions between solar storms, cosmic ray bombardments, ionospheric blackouts, and auroral displays; the great crack in the ocean floor (possibly a sign that the earth is expanding); and the continuity of the mid-ocean ridge. But the exposition is in that metaphorical style that some scientists—or, perhaps more accurately, some publishing house editors—think obligatory in writing popular science. At times the image comes off, as when Wilson, discussing four theories of how mountains are built up, likens each to a school of art (*e.g.*, the photographic image of earth as hard and sharp as opposed to the Van Gogh image of swirling motion

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Shelters, Survival, and Common Sense

Part IV

DR. WILLARD F. LIBBY, former Atomic Energy Commissioner, has written a series of newspaper articles on fallout shelters in which he makes the following statement:

"Ninety to ninety-five per cent of us [will] survive, with proper protection."

If this statement is true, the national debate over shelters ends right here. Any system that can assure protection for at least nine out of ten Americans in a nuclear war is beyond argument.

If on the other hand, the statement is not true, then it clearly represents a profound act of public irresponsibility.

Consider the statement. It stands by itself in the newspaper article. It is not qualified. It does not attempt to correlate the number of casualties with the size and locations of a nuclear attack. It does not make a distinction between an attack directed at military targets and a generalized massive attack directed against population centers. It says nothing about chemical or bacteriological or radiological weapons which, according to the American military, will almost certainly be used in a nuclear war.

It says nothing about firestorms, causing shelters to collapse or converting them into incinerators.

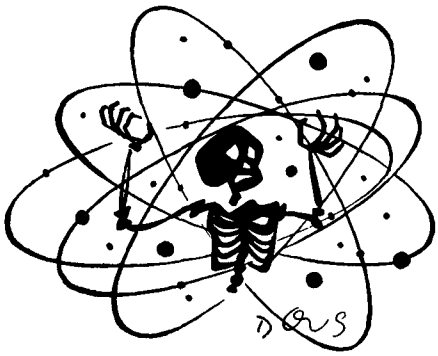
It says nothing about oxygen depletion in shelters during a *sustained* firestorm.

It says nothing about the time of day an attack might occur. It does not say what would happen if the first wave of an attack came at a time of peak family dispersion, with fathers at work, children at school, and mothers at home or in the shops.

It does not deal with the problem of warning time. It does not make known the fact that an adequate alert system does not now exist, or that enough mistakes have already been made in radar detection to emphasize existing imperfections in the system.

It does not make known the fact that a nuclear attack would probably involve the large-scale use of missile decoys, absorbing a substantial part of a counter-missile defense effort.

It says nothing about the possibility, which the Atomic Energy Commission itself has cited, that megaton explosives could be detonated many miles off the East and West Coasts, and in the large lakes, inundating cities with radioactive wash.



This is not to say that, under certain circumstances, Dr. Libby's prediction might not be reasonably correct. What are these circumstances?

If an enemy decided to spare the cities, directing his attack at missile sites or at other strategic military centers; if he would expend for such a limited purpose no more, say, than 1,000 megatons; and assuming a warning system that gives people time to take cover, then substantial protection against short-term fallout danger is by no means impossible.

But Dr. Libby cannot guarantee that less than 1,000 megatons will be used. He has no way of knowing whether an enemy may hold to limited objectives though he possesses unlimited power. He cannot assure Americans that they will not be involved in a general nuclear war, utilizing upwards of 5,000 megatons of fission. Nor can he certify that an enemy, whom he regards as unscrupulous enough to hit us with nuclear weapons, will be too decent to switch from military targets to general targets if he feels he is losing the war.

And what if the United States has no intention, for its own part, of responding to a limited attack with a limited nuclear counterattack? What if the United States does not know the location of the enemy's launching sites, and has no choice but to wage a general nuclear war? Will an enemy hold to limited objectives while his own cities are being pulverized?

Even if we accept Dr. Libby's assumptions, this would probably involve an exchange of 2,000 megatons on both sides, with a terrible long-term radioactive reckoning awaiting the survivors. The short-term dangers of radioactivity might be met through fallout shelters, but people are not going to stay in their holes forever. When they come out, they will have no way of washing the sky of continuing fallout of radioactive poisons—strontium 90, cesium 137, carbon 14. These poisons produce leukemia and bone cancer, among other diseases. They attack the genes. The bomb at Hiroshima had a twenty-kiloton rating, or one-thousandth the rating of a twenty-megaton bomb. If the power of the Hiroshima bomb were to be represented on a scale as two feet, the fifty-megaton bomb would occupy one mile. Despite its relatively small size, the atomic bomb over Hiroshima produced a significant increase in the leukemia rate. Even now, sixteen years after the bombing, new leukemia cases traceable to the bomb are being reported every week in Hiroshima. What kind

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of toll will be exacted year after year following the explosion of 2,000 megatons of fission in a "limited" nuclear war?

Dr. Libby, as a former member of the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission, is familiar with the estimates of responsible scientists and military experts who contend that a general nuclear attack involving more than 7,500 megatons could convert the U. S. into a radioactive wasteland, with or without shelters.

Does a potential enemy have more than 7,500 megatons of fission at his disposal? He does. So does the United States. The total nuclear power available to all nuclear countries has been estimated to be well in excess of 60,000 megatons and is growing week by week.

What kind of weapons are part of this arsenal? What happens if they are used?

A twenty-megaton bomb, exploded fairly close to the surface of a large city such as New York, would produce a crater more than a half-mile wide and about 300 feet deep, causing the skyscrapers to disappear as though they had never existed.

It would be a mistake to assume that only one thermonuclear weapon would be used on a large city, although a large thermonuclear bomb could knock out any large city. In a general nuclear attack, several such bombs would be used. The average city basement or shelter would be meaningless. It would be like using a pneumatic drill against an anthill.

If a generalized nuclear attack made use of underwater explosives, these are the expectations envisioned by the U. S. Atomic Energy Commission:

> A fifty-megaton burst at a depth of 2,700 feet in deep water would generate wave heights up to fifty feet against a shoreline 100 miles away.
>
> A 100-megaton burst at about 4,000 feet in deep water would generate wave heights up to seventy feet against a shoreline 100 miles away.

The U. S. Atomic Energy Commission is also authority for the statement that a fifty-megaton burst in the lower atmosphere on a clear day would produce burns on the human retina up to 250 miles away.

It is, we repeat, an act of prime irresponsibility to lead the American people to believe that 95 per cent of them can be saved in their shelters. By the same token, neither can anyone say for certain that the full nuclear capability of an enemy will be used against the United States, destroying all life.

All that can or should be said is that there is a wide range of possibility in a nuclear war and that, lacking precise knowledge of the number and power of bombs that may be dropped, or where they will be dropped, or what chemical and radiological weapons may be employed in a varied attack, no assurances about a high or low level of safety in shelters can be made.

At the very least, some hard new thinking by government on the total shelter problem is indicated. In sounding the alarm that produced the stampede for shelters, it did not face up to madness that would ensue, nor the obvious injustices it would foster. Why should the size of a man's bank account have anything to do with his right to shelter protection? Moreover, if the danger of nuclear war is strong enough to dictate building home shelters, then that same danger should dictate that the cities be evacuated immediately, for there is no way of protecting them against a general nuclear attack. Similarly, the government ought to put a stop to the prodigious building of new glass skyscrapers in the large cities

Finally, as we said in an earlier editorial, if a shelter program has any validity at all, the government cannot dodge its central place in the picture. The idea that each citizen should be individually responsible for his own shelter is as absurd and unworkable as expecting him to be responsible for his own electric supply or his own roads. Safety from attack is a government function. If it is not a government function, then nothing is.

Dr. Libby, however, insists that the individual be put on his own. He told a California audience the other day that he is resolutely opposed to the use of public funds for shelters. "If I were President," he was quoted as saying, "I would declare martial law and force everyone to prepare his own shelter."

Meanwhile, however, Dr. Libby is not President and martial law has not yet been declared. It is still permissible to ask questions, or even to raise the roof with public officials, present or retired, when what they say or do adds up to dangerous nonsense.

Also, it is still possible to consider fully the most important question of all: Where can we best put our energy, intelligence, and money to work in the cause of the national security, and, not to be unsentimental about it, in the cause of a world made safe for people?

The issue is not whether the American people should or should not protect themselves against possible disaster. Of course they should. The issue is whether the American people are entitled to full, honest information about the nature of the anticipated disaster and the problems involved in adequate protection. The issue, also, is whether it is too late to avoid a nuclear war without sacrifice of security or freedom.

We believe it is not too late, although it has never been later. The fact of Russia is a dominant fact, but it is not the predominant fact. The predominant fact is that peace cannot be found if we look for it in the wrong place. The wrong place is the arena of anarchy, filled with jostling and volatile national sovereignties. The right place is the arena of world law in which a structured peace can be built. The mere attempt to build such a peace is no assurance that it can be done. But the sheer fact of the attempt itself creates a rallying ground that may provide the best interim shelter available. —N.C.

The Builders

By Sara Henderson Hay

I told them a thousand times if I told them once:
Stop fooling around, I said, with straw and sticks;
They won't hold up; you're taking an awful chance.
Brick is the stuff to build with, solid bricks.
You want to be impractical, go ahead.
But just remember, I told them; wait and see.
You're making a big mistake. Awright, I said,
But when the wolf comes, don't come running to me.

The funny thing is, they didn't. There they sat,
One in his crummy yellow shack, and one
Under his roof of twigs, and the wolf ate
Them, hair and hide. Well, what is done is done.
But I'd been willing to help them, all along,
If only they'd once admitted they were wrong.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

HEALTH: WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?

IF IT IS TRUE, as stated in Alvin C. Eurich's article on "The Citizen's Health" [*SR*, Oct. 28], that we are suffering from a shortage of medical personnel—and further, that the quality of students applying to medical schools is declining—why do we continue to ignore the superior girl who could and should be making her contribution to our country in this need?

For years the majority of doctors in Russia have been women. Now Germany is drafting young women for the medical profession. And what do we do? Complain about the shortage in our own country and keep the quotas for girls at a minimum for admittance to our medical colleges.

All we have to do is present the need to the superior young women in our country who could do the job, let them know they are needed and welcome, and our shortages will disappear.

RUTH S. TUKEY.

Woodland, Mich.

ALVIN C. EURICH did not directly answer his own question in "The Citizen's Health: Whose Responsibility?" But he implies that it is not the individual citizen's responsibility when he asserts that there is a "new public attitude which recognizes that individual health is a matter of national concern." As a practicing physician I submit that a large part of North American ill-health is due to excessive indulgence in one or more of the following: eating, drinking, smoking, working, worrying.

Governments can help needy individuals obtain insurance against the cost of illness, but they cannot legislate health. The decision to obey or flout the basic rules of hygiene will always have to remain a private one in any free society.

HECTOR MACKINNON, M.D.

Fredericton, N.B.

THE NEW PERRY MASON

AMEN TO Robert Lewis Shayon's article on Perry Mason's recent TV shows [*SR*, Oct. 28]. They can't compare with the first ones, which were really so good we refused all Saturday night invitations in order to see them. We can't stand the new ones.

ELIZABETH TUFTY.

Minneapolis, Minn.

ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON'S knowledgeable criticisms of television are a welcome relief in an area that often seems to be characterized more by fear than fairness. His penetrating discussion of the new Perry Mason format precisely parallels the thinking of me and many of my friends.

N. R. BLIGH.

Providence, R.I.

THE NEWSMAN AND THE POET

JOHN CIARDI confesses at the start of his November 4 column that "I am not a newspaperman." After wading through this fuzzy twaddle I can only add: Thank God.

Let Mr. Ciardi confine his efforts to verse and women's club luncheons, and give the extra white space to Cleveland Amory.

B. DALE DAVIS,
Feature and Sunday Editor,
Detroit *Free Press*.

Detroit, Mich.

"Yes, mother. Of course, mother. Will do, mother. . . ."

UNNECESSARY ROUGHNESS

HOLLIS ALPERT deserves a penalty for unnecessary roughness in his review of "The Devil at Four O'Clock" [*SR*, Nov. 4].

I agree with him that the plot is not inspired, and that Sinatra plays his time-worn heel-turned-hero. But the movie was attractively filmed and entertaining. It is not a masterpiece, but neither is it "hash."

But, the movie aside, I find Mr. Alpert's critical method singularly unenlightening. It is hardly enough to give a sarcastic resumé of the plot and call the job done. What about the acting? How is the photography? Using Alpert's approach, one could easily pan "Oedipus Rex" (a slight fable in which a young man falls in love with his mother; this is unlikely enough, but he then blinds himself when he finds out what he has done. Definitely hack Euripides!).

Finally, "I was quite ill when I left the theatre" is a poor excuse for a judgment. Did you dislike the movie, Mr. Alpert? Then why not say so and leave the comic relief to J. Wesley Smith?

ROBERT T. DODD, JR.

Princeton, N.J.

OFFHAND MANNER

THE MUSES WERE SMILING upon you the day they sent your new columnist, Niccolo Tucci, to you. Any words I might use to describe his rare insight and splendid expression would be unworthy. . . .

CAROL W. ORR.

Hanover, Mass.

I DO NOT understand the purpose of your pretentious new column, "Offhand." It says so very little, in such grand phrases. . . .

VIVIENNE COOPERMAN.

Chicago, Ill.

PLEASE THANK Niccolo Tucci for his column on politeness [*SR*, Oct. 21].

It should be the creed of every American at home and/or abroad; and when Americans practice it abroad, they feel more at home.

I do hope Mr. Tucci will give us the benefit of a column on "freedom"; his thoughts would be worth reading.

BONNIE BURTON.

Washington, D.C.

NICCOLO TUCCI writes: "Love so resembles death, and so resembles life, that it cannot be likened to anything, not even to itself."

SR is preoccupied, and rightly so, with communication, with reading, with meanings and the use of language; consequently it is somewhat surprising to come across this unintelligible and perfectly opaque piece of prose. Is it an inadvertent leg-pull? Attempting depth, Mr. Tucci usually achieves bathos. Nothing is more facile than aphorism and, all too often, nothing more fatuous.

Here is another deep one, off the top of my head and free for nothing: We should never ask of others what we are unable to do for ourselves.

JAMES TRACY.

San Francisco, Calif.

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Berlin

Continued from page 20

with this restlessness exacerbated by the ever-present escape hatch in West Berlin, the Russians felt they had no choice but to seal off East Berlin and try to disrupt the Western position through the resultant collapse and capture of West Berlin.

Berlin 1961 must not be Munich 1938 all over again.

The risk then was war and the risk now is war, but surrender at Munich made war inevitable while firmness in Berlin can forestall it, perhaps permanently. This is the real choice, at least in the opinion of responsible officials around General Clay.

What are the conditions for a viable settlement of the crisis?

When negotiations finally start, there are grounds for an agreement once the Russians are convinced the capitulation of West Berlin is not in the cards. These elements are regarded in West Berlin as essential and possible:

1. Free, unrestricted traffic by land and air between West Berlin and West Germany for military, official, and civilian purposes.

2. Renewed guarantees for the Allied occupation forces in West Berlin. The security of West Berlin, and especially final enforcement of any agreement for its freedom, depends on the continued presence of Allied forces in the city. The present crisis—and West Berliners do not think it is the last—would have been insoluble for either West Berlin or West German authorities acting on their own.

3. No restrictions of any kind on the freedom of West Berlin.

4. Increased technical contacts between West Germany and East Germany, with a de facto recognition that Germany is divided into two regimes.

5. No formal Allied recognition of East Germany, but an agreement, backed by full Soviet guarantees, to permit the East German authorities to administer the various checkpoints along the land routes into West Berlin and to inspect the documents, credentials, etc., of shipments, trucks, and personnel moving in and out of West Berlin. No control or supervision of any kind, however, would be authorized for the air routes. This point is vital in order to guarantee the free movement of West Berliners and West Germans outside any control of East Germans.

6. The incorporation of West Berlin into West Germany since the Russians have already incorporated East Berlin—even before The Wall—into East Germany. This would be a major coup, but would undoubtedly arouse violent Soviet criticism.

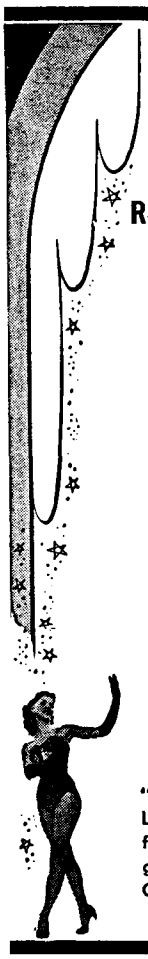
7. No guarantees that West Berlin will be inhabited only by "peace-loving" persons, or that there will be no "provocations" of East Berlin by West Berlin. This may seem unreasonable on the face of it, but the West Berliners and probably the West have learned that "peace-loving" and "provocations" and other such language are Communist euphemisms that mean something special to the Soviet dialecticians. No one can be "peace-loving" who is critical of Communism, and anyone engaging in criticism is guilty of "provocations," etc. Thus the West Berlin press—if any such language were in the negotiated agreement—could be charged with "provocations" and its editors would not be "peace-loving" if the newspapers published editorials or news displeasing to the East German or Soviet authorities.

8. Passage between West Germany and East Germany and West Berlin and East Berlin to be as free as possible, but to be under the control of their respective local authorities.

Implicit in these terms is recognition that the reunification of Germany is a long way in the future, and that West Germany and West Berlin must contemplate an indefinite alliance with the West while East Berlin and East Germany pass formally into the Soviet sphere.

Soviet harassment, the risk of armed clashes, the terror of the fifty-megaton bomb, meanwhile, must not deter the United States and its Allies from standing firm in Berlin. For West Berlin is at the heart of the great and growing vigor of Western Europe. If West Berlin's fate should be sealed by a Soviet political victory along The Wall, then West Germany and Western Europe before long would inevitably begin to slide toward Communism and the United States would ultimately have to turn into an isolated garrison state or resort to war under the worst possible circumstances.

The Bible says there is a time to sow and a time to reap. In the opinion of the American authorities in Berlin there is also a time to stand and a place to stand. The time is now. The place is Berlin.



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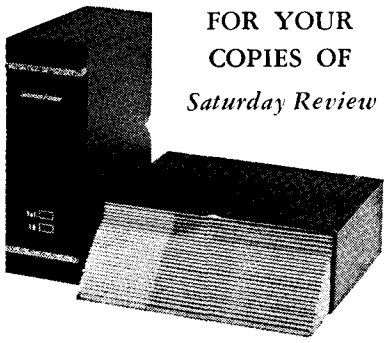

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Off Balance

IT IS not easy to make a critical appraisal of the recent Christian Anti-Communist Crusade on television. "Hollywood's Answer to Communism," a three-hour propaganda program featuring addresses by leaders of the Southern California, far-right political revivalist group, was recently shown in New York over WPIX, the *Daily News* station. It was a pre-recorded, edited version of two events—a rally in the Hollywood Bowl and a week-long anti-Communism "school" in the Los Angeles Sports Arena. Immediately apparent was the lack of any careful identification of the fact that separate recordings of the two distinct events were stitched together by the editors. Fleeting, superimposed titles did not weigh heavily against the impression that the last two speakers, originally televised at the Sports Arena, were actually part of the later rally in the Bowl. The WPIX program was sponsored by the Schick Safety Razor Company and the Technicolor Corporation (Patrick Frawley, Jr., is president of the first corporation, chairman of the board of the second, as well as chairman of the Southern California School of Anti-Communism, a subsidiary of the Crusade).

The same companies sponsored the Hollywood Bowl rally on Los Angeles television, and the Richfield Oil Company, another sponsor, paid for the televised presentations of the "school." The latter also bought time, according to a press report, in thirty-three cities in six states for the televising of the Bowl affair. A number of other facts have come rapidly into print: C. D. Jackson, the publisher of *Life,* is a recent spectacular convert, at the cost of a public recantation (in the Bowl rally) of previous critical remarks about the Crusade in the pages of his magazine; ambitious projects are scheduled in Eastern cities, including Washington; and the Crusade, having operated unsuccessfully in British Guiana, plans to reveal "the true nature of Communism" in Japan and Latin America. Television undoubtedly will continue to be used by the Crusade.

To any mind that continues to resist the polarizing pulls of two "implacable" worlds, the Crusade bears the stigmata of totalism and its consequent mischief. Its leaders distort history, make demagogic appeals to sentiment, arouse passions, and embed the mind in dangerously rigid pictures of the world. Distasteful as such behavior may be to many television viewers, however, these people must have their share of the broadcasting spectrum. FCC rules place upon the licensee the responsibility of seeking out and airing representative views in the community on controversial issues. The broadcasters' own code echoes this guideline. It can be argued that the President and the State Department and the U.N. get many innings on television. If the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade deplores the world organization, thinks our national leaders are being deceived by Khrushchev, believes that Congress should investigate the State Department, and asserts that negotiations with the Russians are fruitless, etc., this is an accountable group and should also be given its innings.

We may think that the Crusade makes no genuine contribution to public discourse about grave national issues, and that it emits only "noise" and "interference" in the channels of democratic communication—but one democrat's noise is another's salvation; this is our precious pluralism. This is the rough and tumble of public polity, a price worth paying for fairly open channels of communication. Only one thing is lacking. Any station, in letting the Crusade hire its electronic hall for profit, discharges merely a *negative* responsibility. As an information medium aspiring to professional status, it has an *affirmative* responsibility to attempt to balance divergent views of how to oppose communism, to set them in context, to confront them with some semblance of an alert, informed critique. A station cannot do this unless it has a bona fide news and public affairs staff with professionals who may have their own convictions but who also have an everriding dedication to the public's right to the spirit as well as the letter of elusive human truth.

Let's not have a station's off-camera announcer merely say with a Pilate shrug, after three hours of partisan polemic: "This program was pre-recorded and provided to us by the sponsor." Let the station seek out and find other accountable anti-Communist groups to balance the Crusaders. Let it also, in programs which come immediately before or after, *act* like a free, responsible broadcaster and fill in the cracks left by all propagandists with the plaster of alternative choices. To do less is to stand suspect of identifying its own choices with those of any partisan group to whom it abdicates (for a fee) its trusteeship of the public interest.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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What Is an Exhibit For?

IN RECENT weeks certain experiences have made me more skeptical than usual. The first was a visit to the current international exhibition at Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh (on view until January 1), a show large enough to arouse both positive and negative reactions, but for me so limited in scope that strong feelings of frustration resulted. On the other hand, an exhibition at the Guggenheim Museum in New York called "American Abstract Expressionists and Imagists" (on view through December) left me not frustrated, but totally depressed. For this one, frankly limited by an ambiguous double title, is further limited by deplorably indiscriminate and inadequate coverage. Almost equally unnerving was the last half of the assemblage show recently on view at the Museum of Modern Art, as tiring an assemblage of assemblages as could be imagined. Here it seems that almost anyone pasting, nailing, cutting, welding, or sewing was welcome.

What the Carnegie and Guggenheim exhibitions (and I am going to restrict myself to these) do *par excellence* is dilute the best of present-day art, especially abstract expressionism, sapping its vigor with innumerable tedious parodies. Artists, nourished by personal conviction and personal invention, are not afraid to express themselves in strong, ardent, and even awkward terms, but artists, nourished only synthetically through the work of others, produce little more than eye-catching paraphrases. Are we asking too much to expect our museums to be more highly selective, to distinguish more rigorously between the genuine and the meretricious, to be at once less encyclopedic and more uncompromising?

Despite a concentration on minor American, European, and Oriental action painters, many of whom seem fashionably "in the groove," the Carnegie exhibition offers certain notable exceptions. Over 500 works, both paintings and sculpture, representing 441 artists from twenty-nine countries were selected by the Carnegie's Director of Fine Arts, Gordon Bailey Washburn, and masterfully installed by him to the best possible advantage. Here are some of the strongest impressions I took away:

1. Contemporary Americans, when they are good, have a power, freshness, freedom, and authority rarely equalled by artists in any other country today. Just to compare Franz Kline and Pierre Soulages, whose paintings are not too dissimilar and appropriately are hanging side by side, is to recognize how completely the best American artists have successfully liberated themselves from borrowed European traditions. Kline's painting is a bold, direct statement, unencumbered by conventions of the past; the Soulages is well-bred and fluent but a picture more readily forgotten. Other Americans whose work moved me were De Kooning with a painting so swift and translucent that all the light and speed of this country seemed caught in it, John Opper with his aptly named "Bright Orange," and Giorgio Cavallon who, as usual, joins color, brushstrokes, and light in effortless harmony. I was also impressed by the singular purity of young Richard Hunt's impeccable "Standing Form," of Seymour Lipton's serene metal structure called "Manuscript," and of Claire Falkenstein's luminous "Sun" that seemed literally to spit fire.

2. Of particular interest are several prize-winning works selected by an international jury that chose Mark Tobey's excellent untitled picture for the top painting award. Here multiple levels of shifting color and light are characteristic of Tobey and of the emphasis on flux and metamorphosis he has helped to make an integral part of modern art. Likewise, no one can argue with the top sculpture prize, which went to the Swiss-French artist Giacometti for another of his walking men. A landlocked creature with feet unwillingly glued to the earth, this driven figures reflects a familiar anxiety.

3. Seven one-man shows act as welcome relief islands in a mass of predominantly single works. Again I thought the Americans, or at least two of them, came off best, especially David Smith with his implacable iron and steel sculptures. Of impressive size and happily devoid of any semblance of "good taste," these structures even survive their sometimes over-rich painted surfaces. One feels that Smith has now fully and finally freed himself from the influence of Julio Gonzalez. The California painter, Richard Diebenkorn, is also seen in a splendid one-man show. His figure paintings—harsh, tough, ruthless—suggest an American heritage that is fast disappearing.

4. There are other high points, specifically three Europeans who should not be overlooked. The Spaniard Chillida shows a steel construction where the tensile power of the material is brilliantly interpreted. Henri Michaux, born in Belgium but now living in Paris, turns a black and white calligraphic painting into a fluctuating variety of meanings, and a remarkable but disturbing metal sculpture by the French artist Ipousteguy (a new name for me) is worth a long look. In spite of several other outstanding works, one still must question the overdose of surface effects, bizarre concoctions, and charming oddities. Too much window dressing, too little conviction; too much technique, too little involvement.

5. Which artists emerge as prime influences in international art today? A few years ago it would have been Picasso, but here his sole imitator seems to be himself. And what a shockingly bad example! Artists bearing the burden of too many followers are Dubuffet, De Kooning, Appel (the easiest to copy), and Mark Tobey (the hardest).

6. Nationalities, painters, sculptors melt into each other and, with but few exceptions, share a deadly similarity, though the innumerable paintings (far too many) by Japanese and Japanese-Americans show a different uniformity. Here taste is distractingly "good," the over-all impression making for a surfeit of self-conscious preciosity.

AS for the Guggenheim show of abstract expressionists and imagists, New York needed this superficial survey about as much as Broadway needs more traffic at theatre time. The exhibition features sixty-four artists, each with one painting (usually unduly large), selected, it would seem, chiefly from Manhattan dealers, thus repeating in most cases what New Yorkers already know. Included, of course, are all the "old masters" of the New York School, but there are also an appalling number of second-rate "young masters." To have selected a show that was not merely a cumulative rubber stamp would have necessitated intensive and extensive travel throughout the entire United States by a person more avid to discover than repeat. Are we just to accept whatever the New York galleries feed us, with no sense of obligation to artists in the rest of the country, who for many valid reasons may have escaped the notice of Eastern dealers? And why at this moment, when we are more than jaded by abstract expressionist imitators, must the Guggenheim add to the dilemma? How much better if it had dared to predict the future or had courageously reported the present.

One last note, unpleasant again, I'm

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afraid, but I cannot sign off without mentioning the small explanatory show accompanying the larger exhibition at the Guggenheim. On virtually a kindergarten level, this supposedly educational display groups certain works from the museum's permanent collection under single words like "fantasy," "construction," "decoration," and "synthesis." Such oversimplification is at best childish, at worst dangerous, not only because it encourages a doctrinaire approach but even more because it misleads the public by merely dredging up labels to hang nothing on. To learn that a painting by Klee has decorative overtones is certainly not a clue to the understanding of this most subtle artist. There are no short cuts to understanding. It is a complicated business and to pretend otherwise is to raise false hopes. Educational exhibitions have validity only when they help the uninitiated explore the multiple facets that enrich a work of art. —KATHARINE KUH.

In December Don't Miss:

Art Treasures of China at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; a magnificent exhibition which has already been shown in Washington and New York. The early paintings are among the most profound interpretations of nature ever created.

Retrospective Exhibition of Thomas Eakins at the Art Institute of Chicago. Selected by Lloyd Goodrich, this thoughtful survey of an outstanding late nineteenth-century American artist was first seen in Washington's National Gallery. The total integrity of these paintings makes for a deeply moving experience.

Drawings by Giambattista Tiepolo opening at the Houston Museum of Fine Arts on December 15, an exhibition traveling to five U. S. museums. These swift drawings by the greatest eighteenth-century Italian artist have a dramatic sense of gesture rarely equalled.

American Art of Our Century. New York's Whitney Museum, in honor of its thirtieth anniversary, presents a selection of its finest works arranged chronologically from 1900 to 1960. Closing date: December 10.

50 Years of Lipchitz Sculpture at the Otto Gerson Gallery, New York. A retrospective survey showing the astonishing versatility and vitality of this great sculptor on the occasion of his seventieth birthday. Closing date: December 9.

Science

Continued from page 29

with the mantle below the crust flowing in convection currents). Other times the images jar the reader ("The earth, like Salome, is shrouded in seven veils. Two we have discussed; the Van Allen belts . . . now let us admire the other five . . .").

Sullivan's book, on the other hand, is the kind of thorough, workmanlike account of the IGY that Wilson himself would want his students to use. Sullivan was the only American newspaperman assigned to cover the IGY full time, in the same way the White House or the Congress is covered. As a result, all the important programs are described in detail, names and dates are given together with judicious accounts of who contributed what to which study. Sullivan's style, like that of the *Times,* is unspectacular. But the cumulative effect is one of solidity. For example, he gives a short account of how Luigi Jacchia of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, using the Vanguard I satellite and the Sputnik III rocket, and Wolfgang Priester of Bonn University, using solar radio emissions, cooperated to compute the amount of "air drag" in the upper atmosphere. The story illustrates scientific research, the IGY, and science writing at their best.

Impressive as these pure scientific achievements are, perhaps IGY's most important contributions were made in the areas of domestic politics and international relations. The IGY, Sullivan points out, marked a turning point in history. Within the United States things were never the same again after the first sputnik streaked through the night skies on October 4, 1957. Educational systems and social values were re-examined; the nation went into its own orbit with a mammoth space program, and the issues, and perhaps the outcome, of the 1960 Presidential election were established. At the same time, a new image of Russia emerged in place of the old picture of the crude and backward giant. Technology became God in Russia and the scientists the priesthood. Internationally, as a direct result of the IGY, the continent of Antarctica was made by treaty a scientific preserve for all mankind, and the conflicting sovereignty claims of twelve nations put on ice indefinitely. Finally, the common striving toward greater knowledge sparked by the IGY did not end when the "Year" was over on January 1, 1959, but has been kept alive in the International Indian Ocean Expedition, the World Magnetic Survey, and the International Year of the Quiet Sun, timed to the sun spot minimum in 1965.

If Sullivan's book gives the grand sweep of the IGY operation, then Finn Ronne's "Antarctic Command" is on the slogging, platoon level of the campaign, "The Naked and the Dead" account of the IGY. As Captain Ronne tells it, life for the men who spent a year at Antarctica's Ellsworth Station was every bit as profane, drunken, dissension-wracked, and fouled up as it was for Mailer's infantrymen. According to Ronne, the IGY program was planned by the "new" Antarctic men (mostly theoretical scientists and uninformed Navy officials), who failed to consult the "old" Antarctic hands (Ronne went with Byrd to the Pole and has served on four subsequent expeditions). The result, he says, was a mess. The thirty-nine-man wintering-over party, Ronne makes clear, was selected without his knowledge or approval. He states there were officers just out of college; sailors who volunteered, to extricate themselves from other assignments, and civilian IGY men whose careers were more knockabout than scientific. The logistics were little better; there were, for example, enough medical supplies brought to the station to support a 1,000-bed hospital (complete with woman's breast pump) and enough beer (3,600 cases) to provide each man with six cans of beer per day for eleven years. Until Ronne clamped down, he claims the misfits among the men were making a good dent in his supply.

He writes that he set down his unpalatable story in the "hope that some constructive thought may be given to the realities of operating in the isolated area of this earth as well as in outer space." If this book should stir a few men to action, he says, "it will have accomplished its purpose." Unfortunately, however, the petty tone of the book, together with the interminable catalogue of who did what petty thing to whom, is more likely to alienate men than to inspire them to action.

FRASER YOUNG'S
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 957

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 957 will be found in the next issue.

FRA BCKO GRH
NRGKOSHOP C LCG
QONCATO FRA BCKO
TDXOGNOP BDL.
XRSP LRSXOF.

———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 956

America will never really be a decadent nation until the alarm clocks are jeweled and soft voiced.
—JOYCE KILMER.

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Books in the News

Continued from page 27

news coverage. These reports give major attention to those European capitals where press headquarters have traditionally been established; it skirts over the parts of the world where reporters have been few and far between. Thus an excellent and detailed chapter is written by Irving R. Levine on Italy, while the whole Afro-Asian complex of problems and nations is covered in only one chapter of about the same length. Latin America gets but a single chapter, reflecting the scandalous deficiency of news sources in that whole region. If the book really were a memo to Mr. Kennedy, we should certainly hold it accountable for having slighted areas in which the most troubling problems appear, while dealing at length with situations that are familiar and where ample sources of information are available. But then, as we have said, this is not a memo. It is a series of chapters by men who write where they happen to have been placed by the exigencies of our newsgathering system.

The newsmen themselves range from veterans whose names are a household word to a young man of twenty-five. Yet the quality is surprisingly even. One of these veterans, Cecil Brown, does a fascinating and eye-opening piece on Japan, "the Switzerland of Asia," in which he maintains that almost every assumption cherished by the American public is seriously challenged even by those Japanese who are not in any way Communist and are basically friendly to the United States. Thus there is a widespread feeling among the Japanese, he suggests, that American bases and other defense measures do not strengthen Japan but weaken it and make it vulnerable. He gives a cogent warning (which somebody really *should* embody in a memo to the President) of the political and psychological disarray that may be expected to characterize the Japanese scene on the day—perhaps not far off—when the Communist Chinese explode their first atomic device.

As for the neophytes, Welles Hagen, a few years out of Brown University, does an excellent job from his base at New Delhi, summarizing the vast ferment of African and Asian nationalism and in small compass saying much that is enlightening about American aid. I liked his stressing the deep, inbred suspicion that marks the Asian mind in its relations with outsiders, and that works at least as much against the Soviets as against the Americans. In writing on the "massive issue" of Red China, James Robinson speaks, I am afraid, with the lack of candor that seems to be enforced upon all who deal with this issue. His suggestion that China's only path to well-being for its growing population lies in the establishment of better relations with the West seems unconvincing.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

NAME-SWITCHERS

Fictional characters occasionally use, or are made to use, aliases. Here are a dozen such, submitted by Mary Beth Norton of Greencastle, Indiana, who asks you to match the "real" names (Column One) with the aliases (Column Two) and with the books in which they appear (Column Three). (Authors' names are supplied without charge.) Answers on page 64.

1. Jean Valjean	Nevada	"The Valley of Fear" (Doyle)
2. Emma Norquist	Louis Victor	"Laughing Boy" (La Farge)
3. James Lacy	Countess de Chanfret	"Jubilee Trail" (Bristow)
4. Sherlock Holmes	Kenneth	"Under Two Flags" (Ouida)
5. Edmond Dantès	Lillian	"Nevada" (Zane Grey)
6. Clio Dulaine	Altamont	"Oliver Twist" (Dickens)
7. Birdy Edwards	Roger Chillingworth	"Les Misérables" (Hugo)
8. David, Earl of Huntington	Florinda Grove	"His Last Bow" (Doyle)
9. Charlotte Sowerberry	Sinbad the Sailor	"The Scarlet Letter" (Hawthorne)
10. The Honorable Bertie Cecil	John McMurdo	"Saratoga Trunk" (Ferber)
11. Slim Girl	Père Madelaine	"The Talisman" (Scott)
12. Mr. Prynne	Charlotte Claypole	"The Count of Monte Cristo" (Dumas)

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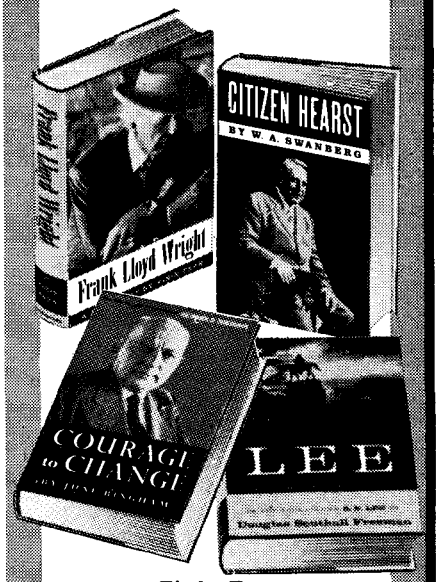

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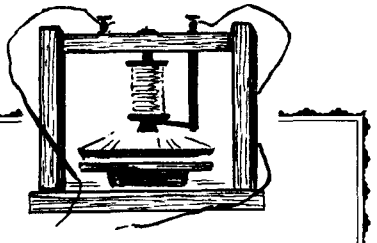

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Adams

Continued from page 23

chology is of the first importance. For the first time, too, we have a rich set of notes, combining erudition with color, which set each part of the documents in its precise historical and ideological context.

And what of the John Adams who here comes into fuller light, in various ways, than before? He appears the same proud, stubborn, conscientious, unflinchingly courageous statesman that we have always known; a complex human being, as Mr. Butterfield remarks, impetuous, pugnacious, suspicious, yet to his friends deeply affectionate, and passionately devoted from youth to age to the welfare of his land and people. Benjamin Franklin said of him that he was "always honest, often great, and sometimes a little mad." John Randolph of Roanoke termed him a political Malvolio; that is, a Puritan schemer of great self-conceit with a gift for rhetoric. Thomas Jefferson's estimate of him penned in old age in the "Anas" is more favorable. This record amply bears out one of the best modern characterizations, that of Gilbert Chinard. "The irritable, impulsive, patriotic, peevish New Englander," he writes, "stands alone, one of the most complicated and contradictory figures in American history—a pure patriot, whose patriotic work is almost forgotten, a catholic spirit who loved to play with ideas and paradoxes, a contrary mind . . . more widely read than any of his American contemporaries, not excluding Jefferson."

We may add that, like his descendants, he was endlessly interested in himself, in his contemporaries, and in every phase of the world about him. The events in which he played a part would be of absorbing quality if he had merely set down an objective chronicle of them: Sam Adams's incendiary activities, the Boston Massacre, the First Continental Congress, Lexington, the vote for independence, the mission to France, and all the momentous drama that followed. But what Adams was ever objective? Every outer occurrence struck inner sparks, and he notes his emotions equally with their causes. "Zeal and fire and activity and enterprise," he writes, "strike my imagination too much. I am obliged to be constantly on my guard, yet the heat will burst forth at times." And what a constant current of self-examination runs through the diary! The entry when he first stood for the legislature is characteristic of hundreds:

> Tomorrow is our general election. The plots, plans, schemes, and machinations of this evening and night will be numerous. . . . For myself, I own, I tremble at the thought of an election. What will be expected of me? What duties and obligations will result from an election? What duties to my God, my country, my king, my family, my friends, myself? What perplexities and intricacies and difficulties shall I be exposed to? What snares and temptations will be thrown in my way? What self-denials and mortifications shall I be obliged to bear? . . . I shall act a fearless, intrepid, undaunted part at all hazards.

But his proud rectitude never faltered. No man of the Revolutionary period was more unselfish and self-sacrificing. He yielded to none of the ordinary temptations of public life; and no one can read without a thrill his record of the response he made when Jonathan Sewall, attorney-general of the province, told him that the governor thought of appointing him advocate-general in the court of admiralty—a bribe to take the side of the government. And as a leader of the revolutionary movement he was superb. His valor, his daring, his force of personality, and his extraordinary tenacity made him a host in himself. In the First Continental Congress he played a cautious part. But in the Second he took so bold a role that he was one of the men most responsible for the final plunge. He opposed petitioning the king, he abetted Jefferson in drafting the Declaration, he was largely responsible for the appointment of Washington as commander-in-chief, and he was the leading spirit in the committee that created the infant American navy.

As one of the most impressive characters in an era rich in great men, and as a figure of rare intellectual power, Adams has long deserved the scholarly monument here raised to his memory. It would be difficult to find in any other source a warmer, more colorful picture of the times, or a fuller reflection of the patriot mind and temper of the period. These four volumes are henceforth indispensable to an understanding of the years in which the Republic was born. We may congratulate Mr. Butterfield and the Massachusetts Historical Society upon them; but most of all we must congratulate the students and general readers of the country, now and in the long decades to come.

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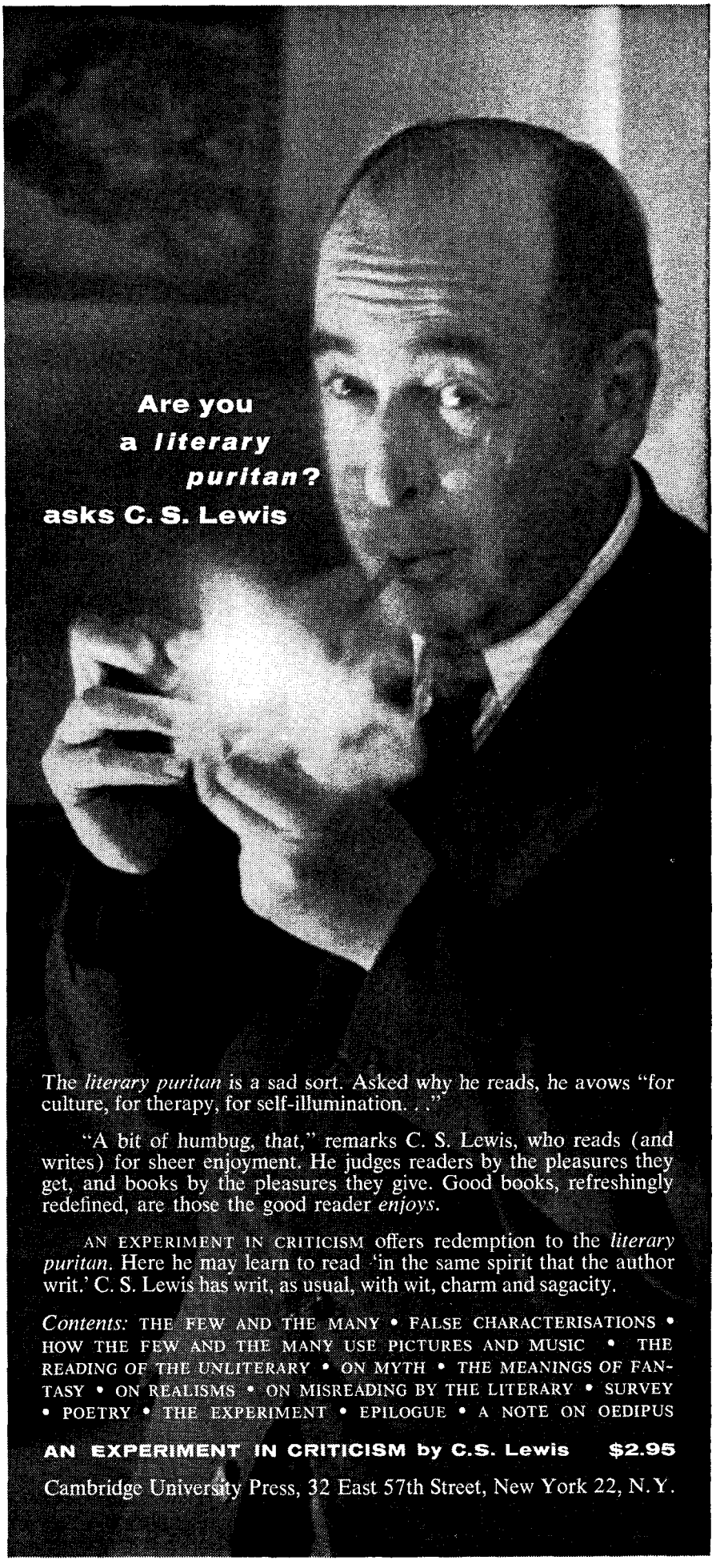
Madison

Continued from page 24

Resolutions of 1798 and 1799. Brant, in two extremely interesting chapters, "Nullification" and "Defender of the Union," shows Madison deploring the "torch of hazard" that he saw in the South Carolina doctrine of nullification. In this momentous controversy, Madison wrote brilliantly on the nature of the Republic, the compact from which the Union issued, and the Constitution that was created to be supreme over the constitutions and laws of the states "subject to the revolutionary rights of the people in extreme cases." His point was one of vast importance: there is *no* free right to secede: this is a violation of a faith solemnly pledged. There is no *Constitutional* right to nullify or secede (in other than legally prescribed ways of changing the Constitution). Only if there is intolerable oppression, which is "another name . . . for revolution," is there a right (and here he means a "natural right") to revolt, and on this there is "no theoretic controversy." As for Kentucky and Virginia, apart from the central doctrinal differences implied by the above statements, Madison insisted that the resolutions were invitations to "sister states" to express themselves *in the realm of opinion* on invasions of the most fundamental rights of free government. They were not experiments with disunion, threatening to break "a more beautiful China vase than the British Empire ever was into parts which a miracle only could reunite." Moreover, was it not clear, almost a half-century after its adoption, that the Constitution had made us "one people and one nation for certain purposes"? Neither Jefferson's nor his own authority, Madison avowed, could ever support a doctrine that was "putting powder under the Constitution and Union."

In his final leave-taking of James Madison, Mr. Brant cites the pervasive consistency of Madison's character in cleaving throughout his life to three things: "complete freedom of conscience and other personal rights and liberties; firm adherence to the republican form of government, broadly based on the will of the people; passionate devotion to the American Union. . . ." He adds that "there is nothing in American history comparable to his battle in old age to preserve the Union he so dearly loved."

Since the biographer perceives these basic things truly, it is a pity that he has found it necessary throughout all these volumes, and unfortunately again in bringing them to a close, to tilt compulsively against the reputation of Thomas Jefferson, Madison's greatest friend and collaborator.



The *literary puritan* is a sad sort. Asked why he reads, he avows "for culture, for therapy, for self-illumination. . ."

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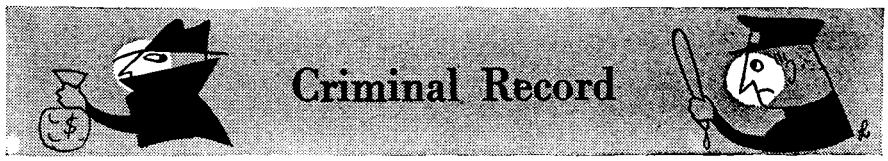

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

"Tales" Told Double—"Aida," Curtin

ONE of the tales E. T. A. Hoffmann didn't write—though it should have appealed to his macabre nature—might concern an impresario who decides to cast one soprano in four roles of an opera, only to discover midway through the first of them that she is unable to continue, with no substitute available. This almost, but not quite, happened at the first performance this season of Offenbach's "Contes d'Hoffmann" with Anna Moffo impersonating Olympia, Giulietta, Antonia, and La Stella for the first time at the Metropolitan (alone or in tandem). With similar doublings by George London (Lindorf, Coppélius, Dappertutto, and Dr. Miracle) and Alessio De Paolis (Andrès, Cochenille, Pitichinaccio, and Frantz) the evening provided more disguised vocal entrances than a Bach fugue—with Nicolai Gedda, as Hoffmann, sustaining the cantus firmus.

It was evident during the unwinding and windings of the Doll Song that Miss Moffo was running down more than artificially, with a sticky top note here and there, another or two not quite on pitch. But after an examination by the house doctor and a word of explanation (not really necessary) to the audience, she managed the middle register for Giulietta and the more dramatic accent of Antonia adeptly enough, while making a sharp study in visual contrast—from blonde through Titian to brunette—of Hoffman's three elusive loves.

For those not previously provided the opportunity to judge the effects of such an all-by-one effort (the last Metropolitan singer to venture it was Vina Bovy in the late Thirties), Miss Moffo's effort was very much to the dramatic point. Assuming that a soprano can meet the varied challenges of the part halfway (and, at her best, Moffo should do considerably more than that) the transformation within the same physical frame sustains a thread of credibility otherwise absent. It comes even closer to the "eerie psychological drama" ascribed by the late Ernest Newman to Hoffmann's fantasies when the soprano is so plausible a temptress as Miss Moffo. There will, of course, be those who will argue for the greater vocal contrast in separate voices—a situation that could be resolved to the satisfaction of all if Maria Callas could be induced to make a project of the three singing parts, each with its own voice.

On the whole, this could be one of the most satisfactory arrangements for "Hoffmann" within the frame of Rolf Gérard's colorful decor. For in addition to making a striking character study of each of his roles, London is singing them better than ever with a gleaming highlight ("Scintille diamant") in the Venetian scene. Also, Gedda's excellent appearance and tasteful treatment of the music for Hoffmann (he reappears in particularly good voice) and the consummate comicry of De Paolis are elements in the true spirit of Offenbach.

Those who might detect in this series of citations an imminent approach to "Hamlet" without a Hamlet—French opera without a French performer—would find their Dane, or Frenchman, in the pit with Jean Morel presiding. Almost everything was right about his effort save its degree of force. There was doubtless some consideration for Miss Moffo's uncertainty in his understatement, but the Metropolitan is a big house which needs a big sound from orchestra and chorus—something Morel rarely provides.

A VERITABLE U.N. of singers at the latest recurrence of "Aida" made one wish for a chairman with a strong will and a prompt gavel rather than the very pro tem direction provided by Nino Verchi. Whatever could have been the outcome of the debut of Galina Vishnevskaya as Aida, Jon Vickers's first Radames, and Mignon Dunn's first Amneris in combination with the Ramfis of Jerome Hines and the Amonasro of Anselmo Colzani, the performance became a contest of wills in which the conductor's wasn't.

Among the depredations visited on Verdi was a misconception of soldierly behavior by Vickers, whose indifferently sung "Celeste Aida" evoked a partisan display to which he responded with a self-satisfied grin. For a splendid Florestan in "Fidelio" and a superior Siegmund in "Walküre" to retrogress to the level of a prosaic Radames is, of itself, saddening. For a man with high vocal suitability to one repertory to push his tones out of range and focus to serve the demands of another is a disservice to his future. Aside from a lack of the ring or brilliance wanted in Radames, Vickers is deficient in the sense of legato or word projection to serve this Verdian line as it merits.

Miss Vishnevskaya's Aida was much what might have been expected from her concert appearances here last season. This visitor from the Bolshoi is a skilful vocalist and a conscientious artist, with a voice of rather slender scope in the lower range and a crest of power at the top. Frequently the sound is unsteady and, in the manner of Russian sopranos, tends to the strident. It was her first Aida in Italian, which doubtless added some stress to the circumstances. Aside from the well-studied use of such vocal devices as a tone swelled from soft to loud, or a hanging pianissimo at the end of the duet with Radames in the Nile Scene, the characterization as a whole could not be rated more than fairly good.

What irked most in this "Aida" was a lack of common ground for a meeting of the extremes of Vickers and Vishnevskaya and the means of Hines, now a superb Ramfis, the able Colzano and the promising Dunn, whose Amneris earned the adjective "slinky." Costuming looked like the remnants of a fancy dress ball in old Cairo (Vickers had himself a Superman cape in the Triumphal Scene that, big as it was, barely covered his muscular frame), musical direction was nil, and the mise-en-scène included a group of capering youngsters (in the boudoir of Amneris) who aroused laughter for what they failed to do, not for what they did. It all made one sigh for Kurt Baum and the good old days of Fausto Cleva.

At another extreme of conducting was the vivid leadership of Leopold Stokowski in the season's first "Turandot," which, however, left the chorus (and principals) often looking for cues they didn't get. If anything, it seemed that Stokowski was paying more attention to the printed score than in the performances he directed last spring. There was, nevertheless, a strong tide of theatrical feeling throughout, with a searing Turandot by Birgit Nilsson to raise the aural temperature. The Calaf this time was Richard Tucker, struggling for a volume he doesn't possess and overstressing the one thing he should sing superbly ("Nessun dorma"). Lucine Amara was Liu.

EARLIER the same day, Phyllis Curtin had her first Metropolitan opportunity as Fiordiligi in "Così fan tutte." Miss Curtin is well known as an accomplished performer at City Center and she has sung in several European opera theatres with success. For the Metropolitan, however, the voice struck my ear as deficient in body, and particularly short of the desirable volume in the lower register. She looks well, moves well, and honors her musical manners in Mozart, but this was a small-scaled Fiordiligi even by the measure of its present performers—Mmes. Elias and Peters, Messrs. Shirley, Uppman, and Guarrera.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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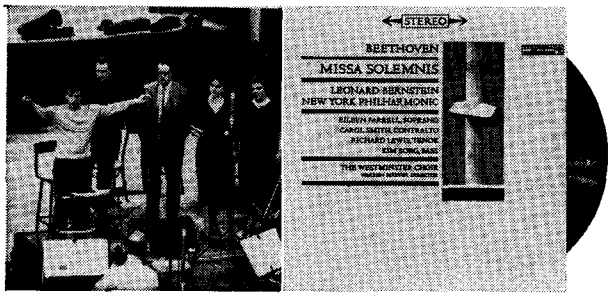
THE COLLECTOR'S CHRISTMAS CHOICE



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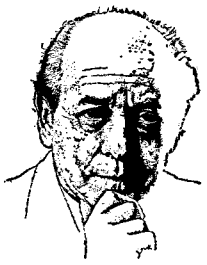

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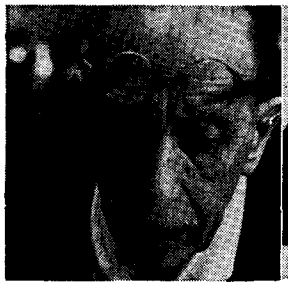

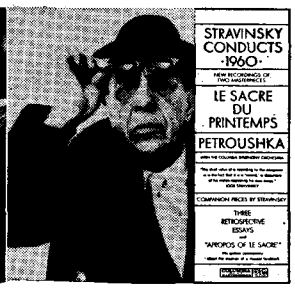

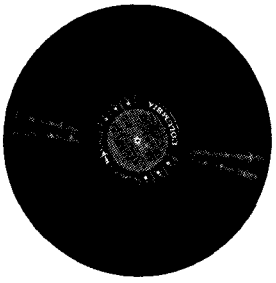

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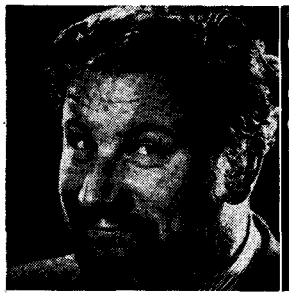

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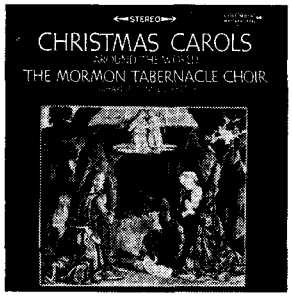

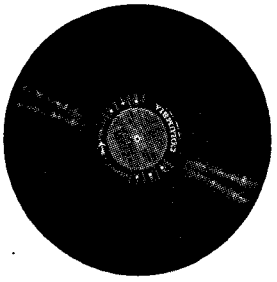

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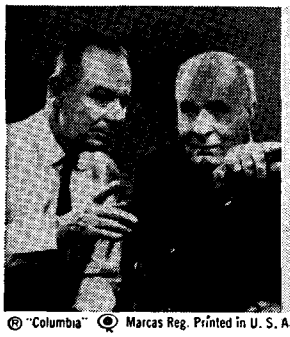

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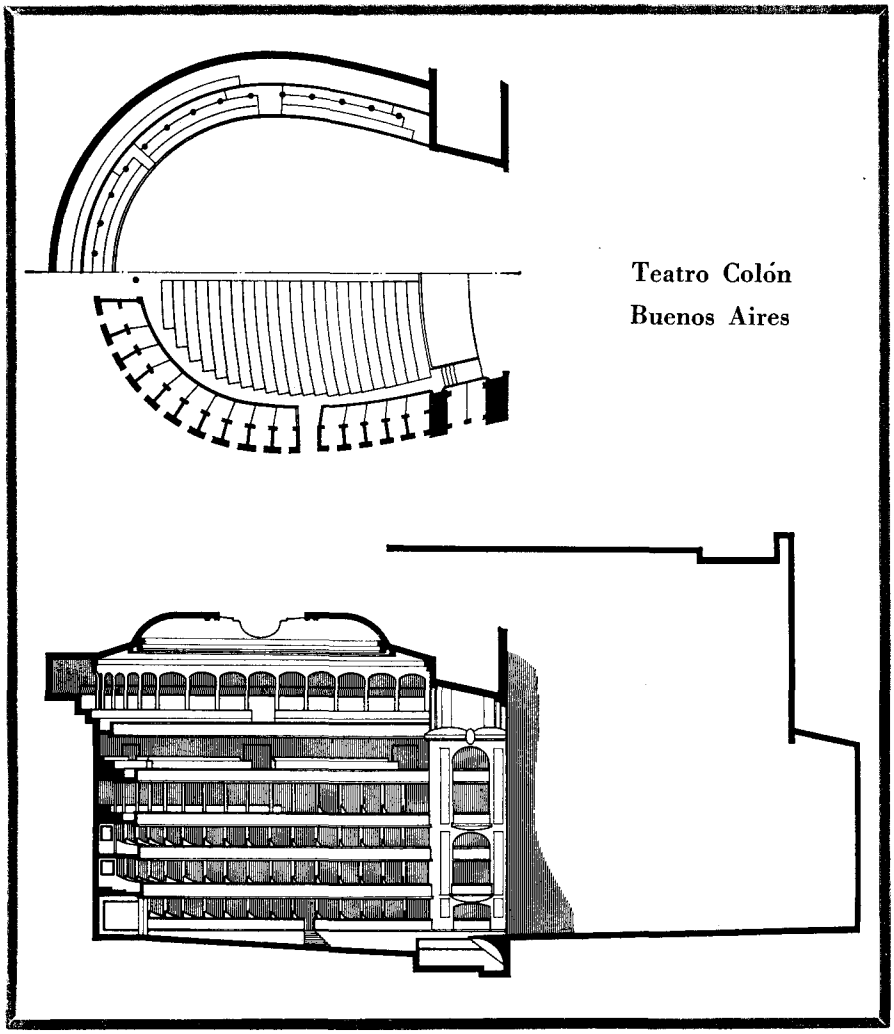

Teatro Colón
Buenos Aires

SR/RECORDINGS

NOVEMBER 25, 1961

A New System for Rating Concert Hall Acoustics
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Each of the fifty-four halls surveyed will be depicted in diagrams similar to this one of the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires. Top cuts depict seating arrangements on lower floor, boxes, and balcony; the cross-section below shows layout of total interior. It is rated "the best . . . in the world" by many soloists; for opera "the Colón is not as good as the Staatsoper in Vienna or La Scala in Milan," though "on the whole slightly better than the Metropolitan. . . ."

A New System for Rating Concert Hall Acoustics

*A member of the firm of Bolt, Beranek and Newman, Inc., of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Leo L. Beranek has served as acoustical consultant on several of the halls designed for Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts. The text that follows is part of a book, "Acoustics of Halls for Music," a worldwide survey of concert halls and opera houses, to be published next year by John Wiley and Sons.**

By LEO L. BERANEK

"BUT I don't want to hear a pin drop," exclaimed Eugene Ormandy, throwing his arms upward for emphasis. "I want to hear the orchestra!" This explosive remark was made by Mr. Ormandy to the manager of a world-famous modern concert hall who had just said that his hall had "perfect acoustics because everywhere in it one can hear the sound of a pin dropped on the stage." Mr. Ormandy shares the belief of most other informed listeners that excellent acoustics for music are not simply a matter of the projection of faint sounds from the stage to the rearmost seats.

What are good acoustics for music? Is there agreement on which halls are good and which are not? Are there several kinds of good acoustics just as there are good white wines and good red wines? The literature offers no satisfactory guidelines. Most written discussions of acoustics for music either express one person's opinion based on his own listening or conducting experience, or they conclude from randomly collected statements that there is no rhyme or reason whatsoever to the subject.

I accept the fact that there are debates about acoustical quality. But I do not agree with those people who deny the existence of "good" and "bad" and think it a mere matter of taste. If that were the case, acoustics would stand alone as the one thing in the world not possessing different kinds or degrees of quality.

It was early in November, 1955, that I settled back in my favorite lounge chair before a warm fire to enjoy a then current issue of *The New Yorker*. My peace of mind evaporated as I came to this passage:

> Most of the people who have set themselves up as consultants on matters of acoustics contend, not unnaturally, that by applying certain laws of physics and using certain testing devices they can determine in advance how hospitable to sound a

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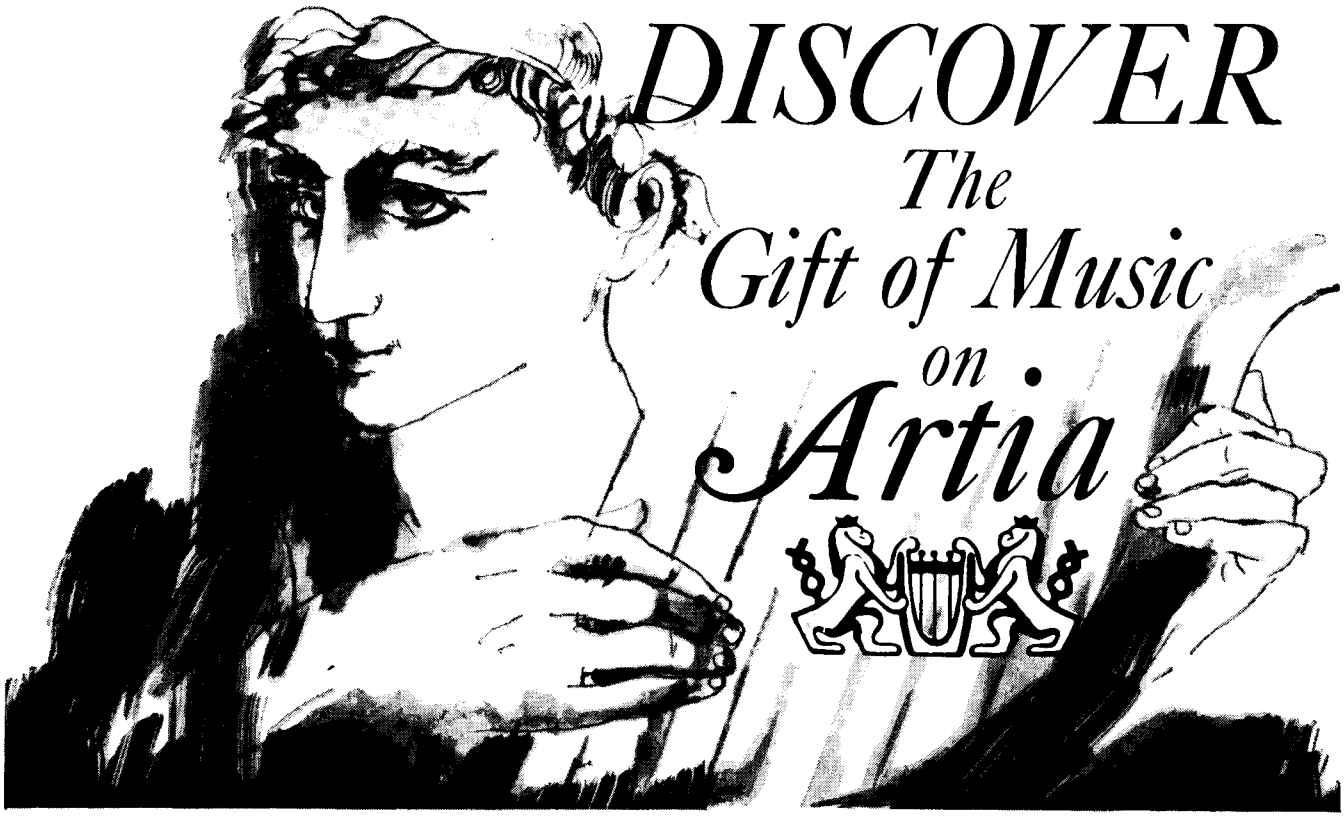

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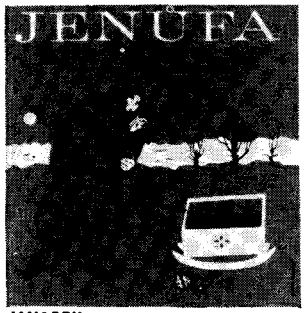

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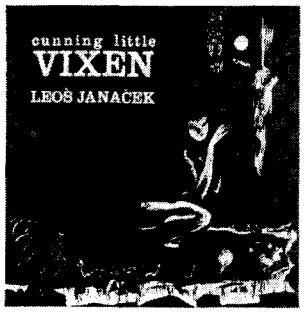

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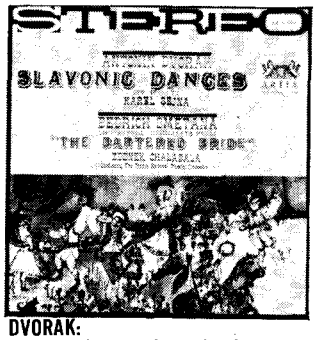

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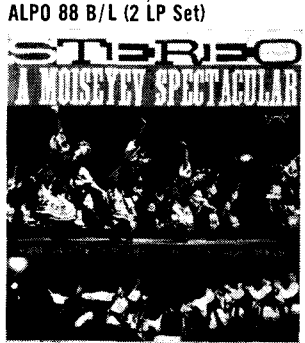

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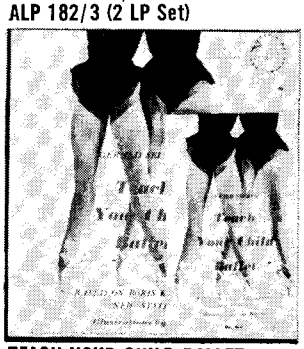

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new auditorium will be. The fact is, however, that several auditoriums built in Europe recently under the guidance of consultants who presumably applied the laws of physics and used the testing devices have turned out to have dreadful acoustics. When the . . . new concert hall, which was hailed in advance as . . .'s finest auditorium, opened last year, it proved to be an acoustical atrocity . . .; Although years of acoustical study had gone into the design of the building, it was discovered after the first few concerts that [numerous changes had to be made]. This has been helpful, but the acoustics are still far from satisfactory. The sad truth is that while scientists in many fields can foretell with unvarying accuracy what will result from a combination of known factors, those who specialize in acoustics seem to be on no surer footing in making their forecasts than meteorologists are in making theirs. From the evidence, it appears that no one can say for sure what the acoustical qualities of an auditorium will be until it is finished, furnished, heated, and filled with musicians, music, and listeners. And if the qualities turn out to be disappointing, it will very likely be expensive to correct them—if it can be done at all.

This article was written about a concert hall dedicated a year earlier in another country, but the condemnation of modern acoustics—my field—cut deep. Reaching for a pencil, I jotted down the cities in which halls that I knew had been built since 1900: Paris, Copenhagen, Berlin, Munich, Liverpool, London, Caracas, Turku, Gothenburg, Chicago, San Francisco, Rochester, and Cleveland. I was forced to admit that only two halls were relatively free from criticism, and in one of them draperies were being hung in an attempt to improve musical balance and blend.

I asked myself, "What is wrong with our knowledge of acoustics?" We had entered the twentieth century auspiciously, with the opening of Symphony Hall in Boston, one of the world's finest. Its acoustical consultant, Wallace Clement Sabine, had already become famous through his basic paper on "Reverberation" that first appeared in the *Proceedings of the American Institute of Architects* in 1898. Everyone believed that the essential factors of musical acoustics were then formulated. Sabine's papers, published during the next fifteen years, became the Bible for his followers. His formula for reverberation time and his measured sound absorption coefficients for audiences, brick, glass, plaster, and wood are still listed as authoritative in current texts. But something was wrong. Subsequent halls were not so successful as Boston's and for what reasons nobody was sure.

The New Yorker had thrown down the gauntlet. It gradually dawned on me that I probably was in a unique position to accept the challenge. Not only did I have advanced training in acoustics and extensive practical experience, but I had played in Cornell's and Harvard's symphony orchestras as a student and had attended musical performances in Boston, New York, and London regularly. Further, the international meetings on acoustics, which began after World War II, had brought me into contact with acousticians who had access to modern electronic equipment and who would be willing to help me obtain acoustical data on halls in other countries. Most important, I had reason to go to Europe and South America often on business and could easily arrange to hear music in several additional halls during each trip. I resolved to journey to as many of the world's well-known halls as possible and listen to music in them; to collect architectural drawings and photographs; to take acoustical data; to interview conductors, musicians, music critics and experienced listeners; and to use these findings to confirm or destroy old beliefs and to build a new understanding of acoustics, if possible.

In the next six years, I traveled in twenty nations on five continents. I heard music in over sixty halls, as far north as Helsinki and Turku, as far south as Buenos Aires, as far east as Moscow and Jerusalem, as far west as San Francisco.

WHAT has all of this activity accomplished? First, I found that the technical and popular literature is dotted with erroneous data, inaccurate estimates, and possibly some deception. Reliable acoustical data were obtained. Because additions and changes are constantly being made in halls, I have with the help of Wilfred Malmlund checked drawings against recent photographs and revised them where necessary. I have personally measured the dimensions of orchestra pits, stage enclosures, and spacings of audience seats, climbed through attics and prowled in stagehouses, and probed walls, ceilings, and balcony fronts to identify materials positively. I listened to music in several locations in each hall and attempted to identify those factors in the architecture that influenced the sound. Later the acoustical data, drawings, and architectural details that were accumulated were sent to scientists and hall managers (or their architects) for checking.

Looking back, the difficult part of these years has not so much been collecting the data but rather living with previous decisions. As an example, a hall for which my firm was acoustical consultant was scheduled to open several years after the beginning of this study. Years before, the building committee, the architect, and I had gone through the literature of acoustics. We had explored the on-tour experiences of the resident orchestra. For esthetic reasons and audience comfort, it was finally decided not to build a modified version of Boston's Symphony Hall, but rather to use a modern, low-ceilinged auditorium (which the orchestra and its musical consultant had become acquainted with on tour) as a general model. I could find nothing in the literature to recommend against this decision. But, by opening day, my interviews and data were beginning to show that the new hall would not rank among the world's great. It was too late to make changes; the interior was nearly finished. Thus, at the very moment that I was casting off the bonds of acoustical tradition from the first half-century, I was being branded as their exponent.

As I write this page, I have before me two sentences from a recent article in *SR* by Irving Kolodin in relation to the hall just discussed. He says, "But the music tends to spread out and dissipate in the modified U-shaped room. . . . There would seem to be some relatively simple solution to this problem, and it is likely to be achieved once the acousticians and their graphs have been retired to a proper place of honor in history." I hope that my colleagues and I are not about to be retired, but if we are, who should take our place? Remember, it was the esthetic and comfort factors that determined the Committee's choice between Symphony Hall and the modern model. Only study, knowledge, and experiment using the scientific method will permit substitution of other bases for decisions. The choice is not between acousticians and oracles, but between valid and invalid knowledge.

In 1959, the first two major results of my studies were made public. One was disclosed on July 11, the day the new orchestra enclosure and canopy for the Tanglewood Music Shed in Lenox, Massachusetts, were dedicated. This modification of a previously criticized concert hall has received enthusiastic reviews from the start. The success of the canopy makes it apparent that it is now possible in other than narrow, rectangular halls to have a fine acoustical environment for symphonic music. On September 5 the second result was disclosed in a paper presented orally at the Third International Congress on Acoustics at Stuttgart, titled "Audience and Seat Absorption in Large Halls." I showed from measured data that, with row-to-row and seat-to-seat spacings found in modern halls, audiences absorb 50 to 75 per cent *more* sound energy than is shown in tables given in

(*Continued on page* 60)

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The Voice with a Mind of Its Own

By IRVING KOLODIN

NOT BEING old enough to have heard Patti, Melba, or Galli-Curci in their prime or young enough to believe that records of this excerpt or that aria are a reliable index to such abilities, I will have to disqualify myself from comparisons and say, merely, that Joan Sutherland's "Lucia di Lammermoor" with Renato Cioni, Robert Merrill, and Cesare Siepi (London OSA 1327, $17.94) contains some of the most remarkable singing I have ever heard. That it came to be the choice for her Metropolitan Opera debut on November 26 (she has already sung it in San Francisco, Chicago, and Dallas) is part of a tale as remarkable as the results themselves.

For what recent Lucia could, if her life really depended on it, also sing Amelia in Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera," Eva in Wagner's "Die Meistersinger," Agathe in Weber's "Der Freischütz," or Donna Anna in Mozart's "Don Giovanni"? These are among the roles which have come—and, by now, doubtless gone—in Sutherland's performance repertory in the ten years since she came to England from Australia as a scholarship winner destined to make a Covent Garden debut as the First Lady in Mozart's "Magic Flute." By ordinary standards, Sutherland should have evolved from a background in Donizetti and Bellini to the heavier Verdi and Wagner. That she didn't is one more departure from the ordinary in a career that would strain believability as fiction.

Some might cite Maria Callas as a recent Lucia who has performed at least one of the Sutherland roles enumerated above—Amelia in "Ballo in Maschera." However, this came five years after her "Lucia," not until 1957. Previously, Callas had sung such roles as Gioconda, Isolde, Brünnhilde in "Die Walküre," even Turandot, before taking up the challenge of the Donizetti-Bellini repertory. But Callas, for all her inimitable qualities, had no such vocal purity as Sutherland commands.

Mention of Callas in a discussion of Sutherland is almost inescapable, with or without reference to the occasion when they occupied the same stage simultaneously (the then obscure Sutherland was Clotilde in the "Norma" which introduced Callas to London in 1952). What Callas has been doing for a decade or so has certainly been a stimulation for Sutherland to do what she has in the last few years, if only as a reminder of what a voice can be disciplined to do.

In Sutherland's case, it is a reminder also that a voice may have a mind of its own. That is to say, if the owner is sufficiently fortunate to heed its implied advice at the right time, or is responsive to good objective judgment, it may overcome mistaken aspirations. If, on the other hand, ambition gets the upper hand over aptitude, the outcome may too often be conflict, cross-purposes, and eventual vocal disarray.

Reviewing the data on Sutherland, one discovers that during her learning years in Sydney, Australia (she supported herself by doing secretarial work) she appeared in Purcell's "Dido and Aeneas." The year was 1947, and she was either twenty-one (if the birthdate given in the 1960 "Current Biography" is correct) or eighteen (if you prefer the entry in the just published supplement to Grove's "Dictionary"). This inclination and her following activity in oratorio accords with the successes in Handel a decade later which first attracted general attention to her (enduring testimony may be found in the excerpts "Tornami a vagheggiar" and "Ombre pallide" on L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60001, pure-toned delights.

In the decade between, while progressing from the title role in Eugene Goossens's "Judith" through competitions which provided her with the means to study in England, Miss Sutherland's aspirations inclined toward a career in Wagner. She brought them with her to London when she entered the Royal College of Music in 1951 on the proceeds of winning the Mobil Quest competition in her native country. They were still with her when she made her early Covent Garden auditions. These, in a common usage of the term, were unsuccessful, for she was not immediately engaged. In another way they were singularly successful, for she was beginning to understand that her ambitions and her aptitudes were not synonymous. In a retrospect she has been quoted as saying, "My voice really isn't heavy enough [for Wagner] and I soon understood that I'd been forcing it along a road that was wrong for it."

It is the judgment of the ages that self-knowledge is the beginning of virtue. At this point Sutherland knew at least which road was *not* for her. What happened in the following years of singing everything from the Priestess in "Aïda" to the leading roles previously mentioned plus the Countess in "Figaro," Pamina in the "Magic Flute,"

Joan Sutherland with Richard Bonynge—"an infinity of hard work with her pianist-husband-coach."

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Olympia, Giulietta, and Antonia in "Tales of Hoffmann," Micaela in "Carmen," and parts in such new works as Britten's "Gloriana," Tippett's "Midsummer Marriage," and Poulenc's "Dialogues of the Carmelites," suggests that she was going now in this direction, now in that. Not, it would seem, all the way on one road rather than another, but just far enough to see where it might lead.

It was a performance of Lucia's "Regnava nel silenzio" in the Crush Bar of Covent Garden in November, 1957, incidental to a lecture on the theatre's history by Harold Rosenthal, which prompted that authority to predict she would be a "worthy successor" to an earlier Australian whose career she was recalling—Nellie Melba. He had previously praised her Agathe in "Freischütz," her Desdemona in "Otello," and especially her part in Britten's "Gloriana." His prediction that she would sing Lucia at Covent Garden might not seem an uncommon act of confidence to New Yorkers, where Lucia is a staple. But "Lucia di Lammermoor" had not been heard at Covent Garden for more than thirty years when Sutherland sang it for the first time on February 17, 1959.

This might seem, at last, a straight progress on the indicated road, but it did not occur without detours. One was Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni," which introduced Miss Sutherland to North America during the first Vancouver Festival in the summer of 1958. Without embellishing the circumstances through hindsight, I recollect the impression of the dress rehearsal in the Orpheum Theatre (as its name suggests, a movie house). Good Donna Annas are, assuredly, rarities and this singer from Australia by way of London qualified. In a cast with such dependable Mozartians as George London, Leopold Simoneau, and Pierette Alarie, the next day's performance prompted the comment (*SR*, Aug. 9, 1958):

"Least expected and almost unexceptionable [meaning there was very little in it to which one could take exception] was the Donna Anna of Miss Sutherland, an Australian soprano with a Covent Garden-Glyndebourne background, who used her even, finely textured voice with remarkable poise and musicality." I might have said more had I known then, as I did a few days later, that this was the first time Miss Sutherland had sung Donna Anna in public.

Prompted by the curiosity thus aroused, I asked on return to New York who knew what. The answer was, mostly, nothing. Joan Sutherland was somebody who sang in London. Joan Sutherland was somebody whom record companies were not excited about. Joan Sutherland was somebody who had, while "passing through" New York, a Metropolitan audition. Nothing happened. It seemed probable that the vocal quality, the poise, the musicality would bring her to international notice in the fulness of time for her command of such roles as Donna Anna and its companionable opposites by Verdi.

That she would appear in a New York concert hall less than three years later (February, 1961) as a specialist in Bellini's "Beatrice di Tenda" with Italian successes already to her credit would have seemed, then, not merely improbable, but impossible (like Patrice Munsel emerging as Brünnhilde). But it would seem that having found the road the voice wanted to go, it went its way with more than measured strides.

There are no commercial recordings known to me prior to the "Alcina" excerpts of 1958 (L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60001). I have, however, been told of some made (privately) in Australia at a time when she was singing "Elsa's Traum" and the "Liebestod" which reveal, rather than a heavier sound, one that is brighter and colder. The same source says that her Lucia voice is by no means its full present power, but when she works at the long extension of this role, "the voice becomes lighter." It seems to me that I hear a suggestion of the breadth I remember in Donna Anna in the low register of her "Lucia" mad scene (the first recording on London 5515) and in such passages as the second-act section beginning "Soffriva nel pianto" in the complete version just issued, or in the climax of "Salce, salce" from "Otello" (in "The Art of the Prima Donna," London OSA 1214, $11.98)—a sudden expansion of the vocal focus, a reserve of power decidedly useful to her present purposes.

I would leave probing analysis to those who know the mechanics of singing better than I do, and say that to my ear she seems to be singing over or through the full voice, in order to produce the sensation of tone "lightly breathed on the note, like an exhalation on a cold day" (*SR*, Dec. 31, 1960). By some miraculous dispensation—as well as an infinity of hard work with her pianist-husband-coach Richard Bonynge—she has survived the stresses and strains of the roads traveled to this point without vocal damage. Indeed, there might have been some advantages from those experiences, the development of some strengths that give her a much more solid foundation than is enjoyed by the average soprano-leggiero.

On the whole the new Lucia extends the impression of "The Art of the Prima Donna" that her salient strengths are predominantly vocal. She does not incline strongly to characterization-by-voice here any more than she did in Norma's "Casta diva," the "Jewel Song" from "Faust," and Violetta's "Ah, fors' é lui" in the earlier set. But these vocal strengths are the exceptional ones that distinguish her "Bel raggio" and the "Mad Scene" from "Hamlet." That is to say, at her best, it is vocalism with an amalgam of musicianship and taste as rare as the Callas amalgam of dramatic instinct and character projection with vocalism was at her best.

In terms of the records alone (I haven't seen enough of Sutherland in the theatre to probe that area) I'd say that with Callas, Donizetti's music was a hazard to be overcome in her realization of the character of Lucia, whereas with Sutherland, Lucia's character is an obstacle to be overcome in her realization of Donizetti's music.

There is, also, a good deal more to

(*Continued on page 49*)

DONIZETTI: *"Ancor non giunse!. . . Regnava nel silenzio," "Ardon gl'incensi" ("Lucia"), "Ah! tardai troppo" ("Linda di Chamounix"); Verdi: "Ernani! involami" ("Ernani"), "Merce, diletti amiche" ("I Vespri Siciliani"). Joan Sutherland, soprano, with Paris Conservatoire Orchestra conducted by Nello Santi.* London 5515, $4.98; stereo, OS 25111, $5.98.

HANDEL: *"Tornami a vagheggiar," "Ombre pallide" ("Alcina"). Joan Sutherland, with Philomusica of London conducted by Anthony Lewis. "Tune your harps ("Esther"). William Herbert, tenor. "Turn not, O Queen" ("Esther"). Harvey Alan, bass. "Jephtha" Sinfonia (Act III), Symphony (Act II), "Rodrigo" suite. All conducted by Lewis.* L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60001, $5.98.

HANDEL: *"Acis and Galatea." Joan Sutherland, soprano, Owen Brannigan, bass, Peter Pears and David Galliver, tenors, with the St. Anthony Singers and Philomusica of London conducted by Sir Adrian Boult.* Oiseau Lyre 50179/80, $9.98; stereo, 60011/2, $11.98.

ARNE: *"The Soldier Tir'd" ("Artaxerxes");* HANDEL: *"Let the Bright Seraphim" ("Samson");* BELLINI: *"Casta diva" ("Norma"), "Son vergin vezzosa" ("I Puritani");* ROSSINI: *"Bel raggio" ("Semiramide");* BELLINI: *"Qui la voce" ("I Puritani"), "Come per me sereno" ("La Sonnambula");* GOUNOD: *"Ah! je ris" ("Faust"), "Je veux vivre" ("Roméo et Juliette");* VERDI: *"Salce, salce" ("Otello"), "Ah! fors' é lui" ("La Traviata"), "Caro Nome" ("Rigoletto");* MOZART: *"Martern aller Arten" ("Die Entführung");* MEYERBEER: *"O beau pays" ("Les Huguenots");* DELIBES: *"Où va la jeune Indoue" ("Lakmé");* THOMAS: *"A vos jeux" ("Hamlet"). Joan Sutherland, soprano, with orchestra and chorus conducted by Francesco Molinari-Pradelli.* London A 4241, $9.98; stereo, OSA 1214, $11.98.

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The Sound of "Finnegans Wake"

By WALTER STARKIE

WE RECOMMEND Dominic Behan's record, "Finnegans Wake and other Irish Folksongs" (Folk-Lyric FL 113, $4.98), not only to Joycean enthusiasts who wish to hear some of the ballads used by the writer as "leitmotiv" to his great extravaganza, but to all who wish to hear the musical chronicles of Ireland's century of troubles, sung in a traditional unaffected manner, without the gags and stage-Irish tricks that are the besetting sins of many of the professional ballad singers who cater to the tourist audiences in the so-called singing pubs in Dublin today. Dominic Behan has a wide emotional range, and the ballads he has selected range from "Finnegans Wake," one of the 1,500-odd songs Joyce used in his *magnum opus*, to "Kelvin Lass," a Glasgow-Irish ballad, and "Boston Burglar," a penny broadside written in Ireland and brought to America by sailors and adapted to Charlestown, the barracks prison notorious in American life for close on 200 years and demolished only a few years ago.

When sung by Dominic, or his brother Brendan Behan, the dramatist, those Dublin ballads give us a sense of the past and present as being one: a conception which, as Goethe says, infuses a spectral element into the present. The ballads possessed a deep significance for the Irish in the penal years of the eighteenth century, and in the famine-haunted nineteenth century when the ballad-singer was the country's chronicler.

Since the people in those days were denied any instruction in their own language, they turned to English for spreading the news, and ballads on every conceivable theme, from courtship to politics, were carried through the country and hawked at fairs. They recorded the events of local history, murders, burnings, and deaths of priests and political leaders, such as Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone, and they gave the popular view of home and foreign affairs in peace and war. They were altered and resung in the home, by the fireside, or at the alehouse. Often, too, they were sung to airs completely different from those with which the professional ballad singer was acquainted. "Van Diemen's Land," so affectingly sung by Dominic Behan, describes the sufferings of the Irish shipped out in droves when Britain established prison settlements in New South Wales (Tasmania):

> They ranked us off like horses and they sold us out of hand
> And they yoked us to the plough, brave boys, to plough Van Diemen's land.

The tune the ballad was sung to, however, was significantly an ancient Irish Keening song.

Whereas Ireland's patriotic songs, unlike those of the Scots, are commonplace and conventional, her street ballads are striking in their brutal stoicism and savage humor, but only Irish ears can appreciate the underlying tenderness in the ballad entitled "Mrs. McGrath." She had made a soldier out of her son Ted, "with a scarlet coat and a big cocked hat," but when he sails home to her after seven years in the British army she sees her Ted without any legs "and in their place he has two wooden pegs." She cries out to him: "Oh then were ye drunk or were ye blind that ye left yer two fine legs behind, or was it walking upon the sea?" She is as remorselessly realistic as the soldier's sweetheart in a similar ballad, who addresses thus her sorely wounded gallant, home from the wars:

> You haven't an arm and you haven't a leg,
> You're an eyeless, noseless, chickenless egg,
> You'll have to be put in a bowl to beg—
> O Johnnie I hardly know you!

"Finnegans Wake" was used by James Joyce as a symbol because it is a genuine ballad, over a century old, in which the author never intrudes on the narrative, and the moral is that life is in constant movement and change, and nothing is lost, even death. Tim Finnegan fell from a builder's ladder as a result of imbibing whiskey in a pub before he went to his work. But whiskey, or *Uisge Beatha,* means "the water of life," and may cure as well as kill, and at Tim's uproarious wake some liquor, which by chance spills on him, revives him from the dead. Finnegan rising from the dead is the legend of life in the hereafter: Man's other self, and above all, a humorous Joycean tirade against metaphysics.

Our second Irish record is a contrast, for the Gunn family transports us far away from the smoky Guinness-laden atmosphere of the Dublin hostelry or the slum tenement to more sophisticated surroundings in the suburbs where Dad and Mum, amateur musicians, have always encouraged their children to sing together. Lieutenant Colonel Gunn, a serving soldier, and his wife Lil, discovered to their delight that their children, as they grew up from babyhood, all loved to sing, and whenever one of them started a song, the others would join in, each selecting his or her own harmony. With the exception of one daughter they all live under the same roof, and are able to work constantly at their singing together and create an artistic ensemble. This recording (Washington WR 417, $4.98) was made in Dublin after an evening spent at home with the Gunn family, and is an admirable illustration of the wit and charm of Irish minstrelsy today. Dad, though he has not much voice left, gives a touch of the Colonel Blimp of the past with his stilted rendering of the "Ould Orange Flute," and is an admirable foil to his son Hugh, who sings with spirit the Irish rebel song "Whack Fol de Diddle." Hugh, by the way, is an actor who has played at the Abbey and Gate theatres and is a talented guitar player as well as a singer. The highlights of the whole program are the *Notai* or rhythmic songs in Gaelic, composed by a young Irish composer, Gerald Victory, and the deep pathos of the Famine song sung by the girls. It was so sensitively sung that it left us with a haunting memory of sadness which all the rest of the program could not dispel. It is interesting to note how characteristic a use is made in Ireland today of the guitar as an accompanying instrument. The minstrels have gaelicized the Spanish instrument and made it produce effects of a small muted harp.

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High Fidelity to What?

By EDGAR VILLCHUR

I REMEMBER an exhibition at New York's Museum of Modern Art, during the late Thirties, of "high fidelity" reproductions of watercolor paintings. Life-size reproductions were hung side by side with the originals, and it was often difficult or impossible to tell them apart. There was no question in anyone's mind about how to judge the quality of these prints. The only criterion was accuracy. The public that visited the exhibit was used to looking at paintings, and thus was able to make an immediate comparison between the copy and the original. Least of all did anyone think of the prints as entities in themselves, with qualities independent of the qualities of the originals.

This point of view does not always apply in the field of high fidelity musical reproduction. Only a minority of today's high fidelity public are concert goers. Many have never attended a live concert in their lives; they know the sound of the orchestra or of individual musical instruments only as it is reported by amplifiers and loudspeakers. They may know what they like in reproduced sound, but they have no way of evaluating realism of reproduction.

This partly explains why so much variation is tolerated in audio equipment. The same record may sound very different when played through different brands of equipment, though each brand is equally acceptable in the market place. The evaluation of high fidelity components is popularly thought of as entirely subjective, like comparing the tone of one violin to another. But is rather more like holding a facsimile up to its original.

For similar reasons high fidelity demonstrations, such as the annual hi-fi shows, get away with a lot of sound that is startling but essentially nonmusical. Some of the "reproduced" sound that greets the show visitor is necessarily unfamiliar because it has no live counterpart. A harmonica blown up to the dimensions of a theatre organ is a new and different instrument. A crooner whispering into a microphone an inch away invents a new sound; his unamplified voice is never heard in public. A combination of bongo drum, triangle, and electric guitar creates a *tutti* which one may like or dislike but which is essentially unique, lacking any equivalent in one's memory to serve as a live standard. Such sound can be accepted as a self-sufficient entity, like an old calendar chromo. But any resemblance to live music or to painting is purely coincidental, and the science of reproduction is not really involved.

High fidelity has undoubtedly increased rather than decreased the ranks of music lovers, and there are probably more people than ever who are unimpressed with gimmick sound. Many designers and manufacturers in the field work only for naturalness of reproduction. The designer of integrity avoids like the plague those exaggerations that sometimes attract the untutored ear—overemphasized bass for "depth," overemphasized mid-range for "presence," overemphasized treble for "brilliance." These distortions are more properly called, respectively, boominess, nasality or "honkiness," and harshness.

Fortunately, not all demonstrations are of the gimmick type. Some companies rule out boat whistles, electronic instruments, and "novelty" recordings for serious demonstrations, and use only musical material played at musical levels. There have also been concerts staged with live musicians, in which direct comparisons of reproduced sound to the sound of the live instruments could be made, in the same way that direct comparisons of prints to original paintings were made at the Museum of Modern Art. G. E. Briggs of the Wharfedale Wireless Works presented such a concert at Carnegie Hall a few years ago to demonstrate the prowess of his loudspeakers in recreating music.

Later, Acoustic Research (my company) and Dynakit did a "live *vs.* recorded" concert at Carnegie Recital Hall with the Fine Arts Quartet, and repeated the concert last year during the New York Hi-Fi Show. The members of the Quartet, working in synchronism with a tape they had made specially for the occasion, would lift their bows from their instruments at predetermined intervals and let the speakers take over.

We had planned another live *vs.* recorded concert to run during this year's New York Hi-Fi Show. It had to be cancelled for a reason that may or may not reflect a prevailing point of view in the high fidelity industry. The Institute of High Fidelity Manufacturers, which directs the show and to which AR belongs, informed us that a live *vs.* recorded concert run at the same time as the Hi-Fi Show would be considered a competing attraction, and would compromise our position as an exhibitor at the show itself.

But if high fidelity is to serve rather than master our musical heritage, it must be tied closer to the live sound, the ultimate teacher. High fidelity equipment must not destroy the tradition of musical sound that it was created to spread, to substitute its own new standards of timbre and volume. The modern electronic engineer, however able, does not qualify as a Stradivari or a Boehm.

The live *vs.* recorded public concert is one method of providing direction to equipment designers and perspective to high fidelity consumers. Transferring concert-hall atmosphere to the home has special problems of its own, but success in creating an identity of the reproduced sound in the concert hall solves the major part of the problem.

Even more vital to maintaining balance and perspective in the high fidelity world is live concert attendance. It might be a good idea for high fidelity shows to sell combination tickets, with price of admission also providing attendance at one of the current concerts.

Sutherland

Continued from page 47

this "Lucia" than Miss Sutherland, exceptional as that is. Robert Merrill sings a robust Ashton, Cesare Siepi is still as good a Raimondo as one can hear, and Renato Cioni is an adept Edgardo in the ensembles, though he lacks the vocal authority to carry so long an episode as the "Tomb Scene" on his own. Conductor John Pritchard provides a pleasurable plus in exercising enough persuasion to make the cast and chorus toe the same vocal mark as Sutherland. Another is the inclusion as bonus of "Perchè non ho del vento," which some former Lucias preferred to "Regnava del silenzio." Big, broad recording sustains London's repute for operatic exellence.

As for her other recordings, I'd recommend them all from the first Handel, Donizetti, Verdi to the new Lucia, as a short course in the development of a vocal legend. I'd also include "The Art of the Prima Donna" as much for the few I don't like as well as the many I do. For they embody in her Norma, Violetta, and Marguerite excerpts some suggestions of the conflicts between ambition and aptitude that date to an earlier period of the Sutherland career. Whether they have been finally resolved may very well determine how long the vocal legend will be, and the nature of the chapters to come.

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Recordings in Review

Bach Suites by Menuhin

BACH: *Suites Nos. 1–4. Yehudi Menuhin conducting the Bach Festival Orchestra.* Capitol GBR 7252, $11.96 (two records).

Everything about this issue is auspicious—the good repute of Menuhin's Brandenburgs, issued about a year ago, the participation of Elaine Shaffer as flute soloist in the B minor suite, the admirably adjusted size of the ensemble (about twenty-two strings, with winds to match), the presence of bassoonist Archie Camden (who made the pioneer Busch set years ago). I even liked Menuhin's dissertation on the art of preparing Bach for home consumption—should it be "plain boiled Bach, with Aioli sauce" . . . "too great a discrepancy between the bare meat and the rich sauce." "Bach à l'orange, served in flaming Cointreau—somehow it seemed overdramatic. So we settled for good old English roast Bach, with two veg. and three oboes. . . ."

All this is very good, and has the effect of whetting the appetite even more. But, in this instance at least, Menuhin is a somewhat erratic cook. He is excellent with the skillet, in sizzling through a fast movement, and keeping it from sticking to the pan. There is always air and lightness in the mix, and no sluggishness is allowed to develop.

However, he is not quite so adept with the longer line, the deeper dish requirements of the slow movements. These tend to be treated overdeliberately, hardening somewhat in the process, and not achieving quite the nourishment inherent in them.

Elaine Shaffer—"auspicious . . . participation as flute soloist."

It may be that Menuhin's greater success with the Brandenburgs related, to a degree, to his own participation in the ensemble as a performer. For these performances are best when they reproduce the drive, the aliveness, the keen pleasure of music making that has always been associated with his own playing. This kind of communication doesn't seem as readily at his command, through his players, in the slower sections. Miss Shaffer performs with her customary control and refinement, though the sound of her instrument isn't as warm or robust as it is in her Mozart concerti.

The Liszt of Horowitz

LISZT: *"Funérailles," "Au bord d'une source," "Valse oubliée," "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6," "Sonetto del Petrarca No. 104";* LISZT-HOROWITZ: *"Rákóczy March" and "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 2." Vladimir Horowitz, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2584, $4.98.

To find a single word to describe this record is, in a single word, hopeless. To a person disposed to accept his boons where he finds them, it would arouse gratitude; to one of a more demanding nature, the emotion might be regret for the infrequency of the opportunities to hear artistry of this compelling quality; for a competitor, a mixture of envy (for the kind of manipulation it embodies) and relief that such a standard, of late, has been confined to records.

Nominally, it is a gesture to the 150th anniversary of the birth of Franz Liszt on October 22, 1811, but it is no act of clairvoyance to say that the record will be remembered and treasured when the occasion toward which it is directed has been forgotten. For here we have, in a breathtaking summary, the qualities of Horowitz that seem to belong to the artistry of another era: the absorption, the vitality of thought and action that give the performance of music life and meaning, the range of coloristic effects that defy a definition of the piano as an instrument of black and white keys.

What is more is the extraordinary range of Horowitz in all abundance—the deep, stinging power of the chords in "Funérailles," the soaring grace of the phrasing in "Au bord d'une source," the sheer joy of dazzling execution in the two arrangements of his own, a note of real profundity in the "Sonnet No. 104." And as if to provide the listener with a self-imposed comparison of his art in its "live" estate there is the concluding Rhapsody No. 2, with his own embellishing counterpoints in tumbling profusion, from the Carnegie Hall recital of February 25, 1953. Prodigious? At the very least—or more accurately, the very Liszt.

Inquiry develops the information that nothing post-dates the live performance (1953), that most of the tracks derive from recording sessions of the late Forties and early Fifties. Nevertheless, by adroit engineering (including re-recording, addition of reverberation, etc.) a high uniformity of quality, hardly distinguishable from the best of today, has been achieved. If you can only buy one piano record this year, this, certainly, should be it.

Ravel for Casadesus

RAVEL: *Concerto for Left Hand Alone. Robert Casadesus, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy;* MOZART: *Concerto in E flat (K. 365). Robert and Gaby Casadesus, pianos, with Ormandy conducting.* Columbia MS 6274, $5.98.

Some pieces become the property of a particular artist by dedication, others by appropriation, or expropriation. With Casadesus and this concerto of Ravel for the left hand, none of these conditions applies—he didn't commission it, discover it, or take it away from others. It is merely that he plays it better than anybody else, and thus has earned title to it as "his piece" by right of conquest.

In a sense this is something of a paradox, like Gieseking playing Rachmaninoff, for Casadesus rates in some circles as an "intellectual" pianist and Ravel, for all the sympathetic works he wrote for the keyboard (and which Casadesus plays so well), hardly would be considered an "intellectual" composer. However, there is such a brainy consideration in this particular work. The problem of making a pianist with a single hand produce a sound full and powerful enough to offset the tuttis of a modern orchestra was one that appealed particularly to Ravel.

He achieved his objective by carefully balancing the "loads" of sound between his two carriers—piano and orchestra. The orchestra plays very loud from time to time, indeed quite a lot of the time, but never in a way to overpower the single hand on the keyboard. For it is evident after a few hearings that most of the loud orchestral writing occurs when the piano is silent, and there are always ways of making it seem loud, while giving the piano ample playing room, so to speak—by scoring a

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solo for a solo bassoon, for muted trumpets, or cymbal, bells, and glockenspiel. Now and then the piano participates in a full tutti, but as a part of the total sonority rather than as a soloist. Casadesus has a full awareness of all these subtleties and subterfuges, responding to them with an enthusiasm that yields a maximum return. Perhaps Casadesus could be induced to make an equally close study of the works written by Strauss, Korngold, and others for the same Paul Wittgenstein who commissioned Ravel.

The Casadesus-Casadesus Mozart is also a second version, not quite as suitable orchestrally as in its previous issue with George Szell. The production of sound is sometimes thick and overluxuriant for the needs of this music.

Hugo Wolf—"such great songs as 'Auch kleine Dinge.'"

"Italian" Wolf by Schwarzkopf

WOLF: *"Italienisches Liederbuch" (Nos. 1, 2, 6, 8, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 31, 32, 36, 39, 40, 43, 45, and 46). Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, soprano, with Gerald Moore, piano.* Angel S 35883, $5.98.

For those who do not wish the whole of the "Italian Song Book" as sung by Erna Berger and Hermann Prey (Electrola) or Irmgard Seefried and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (D.G.-Decca), this survey will be more than an introduction. It will acquaint the listener with such great songs as "Auch kleine Dinge," "Nun lass uns Frieden schliessen," "Du denkst mit einem Fädchen," "Wir haben beide," "Mein Liebster hat zu Tische mich geladen," and "Ich hab' in Penna" in performances of insight, sensitivity, and admirable control.

But, unfortunately, not of much vocal beauty or aural suasion. When Miss Schwarzkopf can choose her own vocal terrain and tend it as she well knows how, in "Wir haben beide" for an example, the sound is still suave, caressing, and free of tremolo. But when the tempo accelerates and the note values shorten, the tone becomes pinched and edgy. I allow that some of this relates to the projection of words, to which Miss Schwarzkopf allots a serious share of her effort. But the sound tends to be the same whether the sentiment is loving ("Auch kleine Dinge") or humorous ("Ich liess mir sagen"). Needless to say, Gerald Moore's piano performance is either or both at will, and always with that finely controlled sonority that makes him a singer's companion as well as a composer's friend.

Steinberg on 35MM

RACHMANINOFF: *Symphony No. 2. William Steinberg directing the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra.* Command Classics 11006 SD, $5.98.

Lest it be supposed that 35MM is a new speed combining the worst features of 33 and 45 rpm, it should be made clear at once that it is the designation for a magnetic film used instead of a magnetic tape as a recording medium. It has not been unknown previously: all of the Everest catalogue was recorded in such wise and Mercury is now utilizing it also. But its use for the products of the Command Classics label invites reconsideration, especially in affiliation with Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony.

For the first time, so far as I know, the orchestra has been recorded elsewhere than in Syria Mosque. The locale is identified as the Soldiers and Sailors Memorial where the orchestra was situated on a stage which is in the center of the room rather than against a wall. This may contribute somewhat to the broadly defined resonance of the recording, the excellent likeness to the low, middle, and high range strings. It may also account for a lack of full brilliance in the brass (trumpets especially). Certainly the disc gives evidence that the Command channels presided over by Robert Fine under the production supervision of Enoch Light can produce a recording comparable to the best.

This is all very much to the good of the matter in hand, for Steinberg and his orchestra accomplish a powerful yet notably relaxed version of a work that tempts interpreters more to power than relaxation. Rather than draining the melodies of all their juices as they occur, Steinberg develops them gradually to their proper climax purposes. His version doesn't command the richness of the Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy, but short of that special distinction it solidifies the place formerly held by Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Orchestra in a Capitol issue now withdrawn.

Corelli for Christmas

CORELLI: *Concerto Grosso No. 8 in G minor;* PACHELBEL: *Kanon;* RICCIOTTI: *Concertino No. 2 in G;* GLUCK: *Chaconne. Karl Münchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra.* London 6206, $5.98.

As of this writing, no one has yet enumerated the shopping days until Christmas, but it is always an appropriate time to buy this work in a performance of this quality. For those who may have overlooked it in previous versions by such conductors as Bruno Walter, John Barbirolli (before he was knighted) and Ormandy, or such organizations as the Collegium Musicum, the Solisti di Zagreb and the Virtuosi di Roma, it may be further identified under its title "fatto per la notte di Natale" ("written for the night of the Nativity").

Pre-dating Handel's "Messiah" and its stylization of what is appropriate, musically, to celebration of that occasion, the Corelli was well-known to him and influential on such sections as the "Pastorale" sinfonia. By any standards, it is a wonderfully rich and flowing musical creation: in the context of its purpose, the four-movement sequence concluding with the "Pastorale" celebrates the joy of its particular season better than any other work known to me.

So far as I can determine, Münchinger and his group have not recorded this work before, but they make their initial effort one of the best of all. The string group is just about the right size, the soloists (Werner Keltsch, and Johann Rainer Koelbe, violins, Siegfried Barchet, cello, and Germaine Voucher-Clerc, harpsichord) are excellent, and Münchinger has a fine sense of the appropriate mood. Of the three associated works, the Pachelbel (arranged by Münchinger) is the most curious in its chromatic conflicts, the Ricciotti concertino the longest and the least substantial, the Gluck outstanding in musical values. The last of these is Orphean in quality, and performed in a manner worthy of it. Uncommonly good string sound.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Pre-Christmas Recordings

Articles, Reviews, News

In all December issues

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bartók: "Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta"; Hindemith: "Mathis der Maler." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel S 35949, $5.98.	As a combination of two of the best orchestral works of recent times, this disc assuredly has its attractions. But there are preferable versions of each work available, for those primarily concerned with quality rather than convenience. On the whole, the Berlin Philharmonic is more a Hindemith than a Bartók orchestra, as is their conductor of this occasion. The span and scope of the portraiture in Hindemith's treatment of Grünewald's altarpieces are broadly realized—one would cite Hindemith's own performance with the same orchestra as somewhat richer in detail, as Ormandy's with the Philadelphia is in sound. There is much precise execution in the Bartók, but hardly the air of brooding, imminent agitation to be found in the Reiner, Kubelik, or Stokowski versions.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 2. Pierre Monteux conducting the London Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2489, $5.98.	A curious unanimity of esteem in recent years for this long-ignored work marks this as the fourth recording in stereo, and one of the best. It does not, perhaps, have the special qualities derived by George Szell and Rafael Kubelik from their background in Dvorak's homeland, but it does have, in abundance, the attributes of warmth, directness, and sincerity which Monteux brings to everything that interests him. If this is, indeed, a "new" score in his repertory, it is one which he has absorbed wholly and recreates masterfully. The orchestra that is now "his" plays very well for him.
Mozart: Concertone, K. 190. Haydn: Symphony No. 84 in E flat. The English Chamber Orchestra conducted by Colin Davis, with Emanuel Hurwitz and Eli Goren, violins, Peter Graeme, oboe, and Terence Weil, cello. L'Oiseau-Lyre SOL 60030, $5.98, monaural OL 50199, $4.98.	The affiliation of Davis with these little-known works (no previous recording of either comes readily to mind) is creditable both to him and to them. The musical supervision is precise, fluent, and never overbearing, the Davis purpose—so it sounds to me—to direct the music into the channels where the composer meant it to flow rather than in some other predetermined direction. Those who might have fancied that Mozart came by divine grace into the skill that makes the Sinfonia Concertante (K. 364) one of the most miraculous of this miracle-worker's works will find a premonition of it in this score of his seventeenth year, with its beautiful solos superbly played by Hurwitz and his associates. The Haydn symphony is more of a chamber work than some that followed a few years later, but full of fascination in its subtly traced design. Very kempt performance by Davis. The recording is admirable in its balance, but sounds as if it were made in a small, nonresonant studio.
Mozart: Concerto No. 20 in D minor (K. 466), Concerto No. 24 in C minor (K. 491). Clara Haskil, piano, with the Lamoureux Orchestra directed by Igor Markevitch. Epic BC 1143, $5.98.	It is just about a year (December 6, 1960) since Clara Haskil died in Brussels at the age of sixty-five from the effects of a fall that her frail physique could not survive. What there is in the phonographic "bank" still awaiting release, I do not know—nothing, in quantity, one suspects, to match the rarefied quality of these performances. By some irony of fate, this version of the D minor is the third she has made, though there are a full dozen great Mozart concerti of which there is yet no Haskil performance. No. 24 is, now, no longer one of them, which will be a deep satisfaction not only to all those to whom refinement, care, and love of the Haskil order are in increasingly short supply. On the other hand, if Markevitch can provide collaborative effort of this merit for others, it will be something to hear. The recording is highly satisfactory.
Mozart: Serenade in D (K. 250), "Haffner." Karl Münchinger conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, with Willi Boskovsky, violin. London CS 6214, $5.98.	The inspired combination of Münchinger and the Vienna Philharmonic with its concertmaster Boskovsky as soloist has given us the finest version of this work ever on records, and easily the best performance that has been heard in New York, in or out of a concert hall, in years. What helps so much is not merely the identity of impulse that prevails among conductor, soloist, and ensemble—that could be accomplished through rehearsal and common effort—but the complete match of *sound* in Boskovsky's solo playing with the ensemble of which he has been so long a part. The endlessly inviting sequence of eight movements (written by the twenty-year-old Mozart for a Salzburg marriage ceremony in 1776) poses problems of many moods, all successfully resolved by Münchinger and Boskovsky. Silky smooth, warmly resonant reproduction.
Rachmaninoff: Concerto in D minor, No. 3. Byron Janis, piano, with the London Symphony directed by Antal Dorati. Mercury SR 90283, $5.98.	Clearly Janis has a well-defined conception of this work—one, furthermore, that is endorsed and abetted by the conducting of Dorati. That it is predominantly a lyrical one has its place through the first movement, and periodically in those that follow. However, it doesn't sound to me as if Janis gives full weight to the turbulent dramatic impulses with which it is contrasted. This may not so much be a matter of conception as a consequence of his particular kind of tone production. In a string analogy, it suggests pizzicato rather than bowed chords—spare, a little unresonant, and never really deep. The notes by Arthur Loesser, including a reminiscence of the first performance in 1909 in New York, are very good.
Schubert: Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"), "Rosamunde" music. Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting the Minneapolis Symphony. Mercury SR 90218, $5.98.	In this first recording with his new affiliation in Minneapolis, Skrowaczewski earns honors for the control and detail of the execution. This is quite another style than that to which his predecessor Dorati was partial, and though he undoubtedly owes much to the excellent ensemble to which he fell heir, he has also done a good deal to shape it to preferences of his own. These tend to crispness, lightness, meticulous attention to dotted rhythms, etc. Sometimes he is induced by a striving to be "different" into overemphasis on subordinate matter or turning the garment inside out to show us Schubert's seams rather than the fine fit he made of it, but even this Skrowaczewski does with excellent skill. A good deal of the "Rosamunde" ballet music is artfully delivered.
Stravinsky: "Movements." Charles Rosen, piano, with the composer conducting the Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Double Canon. Israel Baker, violin, Otis Ingleman, violin, Sanford Schonbach, viola, and George Neikrug, cello. "Epitaphium." Arthur Gleghorn, flute, Kalman Bloch, clarinet, Dorothy Remsen, harp. Octet. James Pellerite, flute, David Oppenheim, clarinet, Loren Glickman and Arthur Weisberg, bassoons, Robert Nagel and Theodore Weis, trumpets, Keith Brown and Richard Hixon, trombones. "L'Histoire du Soldat" (suite). Israel Baker, solo violin, Ray d'Antonio, clarinet, Don Christlieb, bassoon, Charles Brady, cornet, Robert Marsteller, trombone, Richard Kelley, bass, and William Kraft, percussion. Columbia MS 6272, $5.98.	In terms of Stravinsky period (neo-classic, neo-Baroque, etc.) "Movements" might be described as neo-contemporary, applying (as the composer himself has described it) "a serial point-of-view to other elements than pitch." I find it aurally thin, fragmentary, lacking in attention-sustaining elements, save at the very end. Also recent, of course, are the "Epitaphium," and the Double Canon. Their brief values are expertly cared for in the Stravinsky-directed performances. The gaily entertaining "Octuor" brings together eight excellent wind players who give the composer everything he wants in crispness and nuance. Baker is equally outstanding in "L'Histoire." —Irving Kolodin.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonata in A (Opus 47). Jascha Heifetz, violin, with Brooks Smith, piano; Bach: Concerto in D minor. Heifetz, and Erick Friedman, violins, with the New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Sir Malcolm Sargent. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2577, $4.98/$5.98.	As bonus to his spirited performance of the great "Kreutzer" sonata, Heifetz stands sponsor for the shining talents of young Erick Friedman. The latter's name has been heard, here and there, now and then, for several years, and the kind of playing he delivers is certainly an incentive to hear more from him. If it is real praise to say that he is thoroughly worthy of the surroundings in which he is heard here, not much can be added toward characterization of his artistic personality. It is, at the present time at least, the mirror of his mentor's—which is to say, meticulous, suave, and self-contained. The Bach side is better-sounding than the Beethoven, where adequate resonance is lacking.
Brubeck, D.: "Points on Jazz." Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo-pianists, with Carmen McRae, vocalist. Columbia CS 8478, $4.98.	Respecting Brubeck's craft in writing this work (used as the score for a dance piece in the repertory of the American Ballet Theatre) is easier than categorizing what he has done. The theme (which is reprised, vocally, by Miss McRae) is essentially a pop tune idea—with some overtones of Chopin—treated to eight variations, at movement length, under such titles as "Scherzo," "Blues," "Fugue," "Rag," "Chorale," etc. The variations are put together with considerable skill, but the outcome has very little to do with jazz per se—as may be deduced from the further fact that it is very well performed by the duetists, who are hardly jazz-oriented.
Cherubini: Requiem in C minor. Roger Wagner Chorale, with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Capitol SP 8570, $5.98.	Those who have even a dim recollection of the Toscanini recording are not apt to find this within leagues of being satisfactory—the leagues being the difference between Wagner's low "minor" rating and the decidely major category to which he is aspiring. Tempos are drowsy, accents erratic, and enunciation of the text all but unintelligible as he proceeds from one generalized effect to another. Certainly, from its capacious stock of artists, Capitol could find a leader with more comprehension of this task than Wagner.
Chopin: Polonaise (A flat), B major Nocturne, F minor Fantaisie, Etudes (Opus 25, No. 11, and Opus 10, No. 3), A flat Ballade, C sharp minor Waltz and C sharp minor Scherzo. Van Cliburn, piano. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2576, $4.98/5.98.	This may be described as a record not for Chopin devotees, but for admirers of Van Cliburn—which, to this time at least, tend to be mutually exclusive. Doubtless there are reasons, contractual and commercial, which impel the production of such records as this, but it is a fair chance that half the piano students at Juilliard, Curtis, or Eastman could play these particular pieces as well as or better than Cliburn. That is not to say that they, in turn, would play them particularly well—rather that the approach is studentish, the point of view unimaginative, the amount of "fire" or impulse rather paltry. All that conforms to the image of the player is the free-wheeling, abundant ease of execution.
Grainger: "Molly on the Shore," "Tune from the County Derry," "Country Gardens," "Spoon River," "Mock Morris," "Shepherd's Hey," "Handel in the Strand," etc. Eugene List, piano. Vanguard VRS 1072, $4.98.	As is the case with any repertory, this one requires a valid manner, a suitable match of means and mentality—with the ever-present danger that mentality may overmatch content and something ponderous may emerge. List's efforts are almost wholly virtuous, his one disinclination being to faster tempi than are warranted by "Molly on the Shore" or "Handel in the Strand." But the "Tune from the County Derry" and "Shepherd's Hey" are very suitably staged. The "etc." in the listing are the four-part "Jutish Medley," "The Sussex Mummers' Christmas Carol," "My Robin Is to the Greenwood Gone," and "Over the Hills and Far Away." Particularly good piano sound.
Haydn: "Schläfst oder wachst du?" "Heimkehr," "Wer wäre nicht in sie verliebt," "Dort, wo durchs Ried das Bächlein zieht," "Fliess leise"; Beethoven: "Horch auf, mein Liebchen," "Canzonetta Veneziana," "O köstliche Zeit," "Schenk' ein, mein guter Junge," "Der treue Johnie," "Kommt, schliesst mir einen frohen Kreis"; Weber: "Ein entmutigter Liebender," "Ein beglückter Liebender," "Bewunderung," "Glühende Liebe," "Trinklied," and "Weine, weine, nur nicht." Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone, with instrumental ensemble. Deutsche Grammophon 138706, $6.98.	As those versed in the small print of the output of great composers will recognize, these are titles of Scotch and other folk songs for which Haydn, Beethoven, and Weber provided instrumental arrangements—for a price, at the instigation of a publisher. Much of this had to do with the remarkable man named George Thomson (1757-1851), but you will not find any of this on the DG sleeve. Indeed, you will not find much help of any kind contained thereon, for the songs are given with either German or English texts, but never with both. Fischer-Dieskau sings them all in German, and very beautifully; but the potential interest is divided by at least half for the reasons indicated. Also, no names for the instrumentalists, or even the instrumentation (the cover photo shows a violin-piano-cello-flute ensemble). Very good reproduction.
Schubert: Quintet in C, Opus 163. Renato Bonacini and Kees Kooper, violins, Paul Doktor, viola, Benar Heifetz and Janos Scholz, cellists. 20th Fox SFX 4010, $5.98.	Messrs. Heifetz, Scholz, and Doktor are, of course, all experienced chamber music performers, and this conception has knowledge, substance, and a broad perspective of musical values. However, this does not take in its qualities as sound, which are mostly less satisfactory. The violins are hardly powerful enough, tonally, to offset the combination of viola and two celli, the studio surroundings are non-resonant. Thus when the volume is turned to the level suitable for room reproduction, roughness overrides sonority.
Shostakovich: Sonata, Opus 40. Schubert: Sonata in A minor. Daniel Shafran, cello, with Lydia Pecherskaya, piano. RCA Victor LSC 2553, $5.98.	There is not much to be said on the subject of this Shostakovich sonata that has not already been said, phonographically, by Antonio Janigro and Mstislav Rostropovich in their versions, but Shafran says it with an infinity of musicality, tonal refinement, and artistic distinction. Both in the Shostakovich and the Schubert, Shafran disciplines his instrument to the sound of an oversized violin, with never a rasp or roughness to mar the even flow of tone. At whatever dynamic level and regardless of tempo, Shafran wields his bow like a scalpel, making skilful little incisions that bring blood but never a crude cut or gash. He is accompanied in appropriately sympathetic spirit by Mme. Pecherskaya, who is also Mrs. Shafran. Excellent sound.
Wagner: "Lohengrin"—Quintet, Prelude to Act III, Bridal Chamber Scene, "In fernem Land." Maria Müller, soprano, Franz Völker, tenor, Jaro Prohaska, baritone, Margarete Klose, alto, and Josef von Manowarda, bass, with Heinz Tietjen conducting the Bayreuth Orchestra and Chorus. "Siegfried"—"Forging Song, "Waldweben." Max Lorenz and Erich Zimmermann, tenors, Tietjen conducting. "Tannhäuser"—"Romerzählung." Lorenz, with the Berlin State Opera House Orchestra conducted by Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt. Telefunken TH 97003, $1.98.	A full-length "Lohengrin" or "Siegfried" of the qualities sampled here would be a prizable thing to have; but, in the absence of the whole loaf, the few crumbs are nevertheless nourishing. The influences of the political were already upon Germany in '36, but Völker and Lorenz were at their best, the others in the ensemble of equal quality—especially the excellent von Manowarda as King Henry. Tietjen is hardly a compulsive conductor, but the performances make their mark, nevertheless. Variable recording, of course, none of it too bad for the historical purposes to be served. —I. K.

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The Well-tempered Feinberg

By JAN HOLCMAN

ARTIA has just issued a recording of Bach presented by the Soviet pianist Samuel Feinberg. Appealing, as usual, to our extrasensory perception, Artia left us without any information as to the artist, but did not neglect to repeat all the obvious data about Bach. Perhaps the name of Feinberg is not entirely unknown to discophiles in this country, for he has recorded some Bach Chorale Preludes on an old Brunswick disc. By sheer coincidence I had the chance to hear Feinberg's recitals in Russia in 1941, and can provide all the missing facts. At that time, Feinberg performed cycles of the thirty-two Beethoven Sonatas and the forty-eight Bach Preludes and Fugues, of which twenty-four are presented in this album (Artia, MK 211 C $17.98). He was so emotionally involved with the music that listeners could hear him breathing heavily at every crescendo, modulation, or climax.

But who is Feinberg? Pianistically not nearly as imposing as Flier, Ginsburg, or Gilels, Professor Feinberg, now seventy-one, is a major figure in another sense. He is a highly educated musician, representing the group of pianist-teacher-composers of the older tradition. His pianism distantly resembles Schnabel's or Edwin Fischer's, if you will, while his chief repertoire consists of Bach, Beethoven, and Scriabin. Among Soviet virtuosos he is cited along with the "Scriabinist" Sofronitzky (who is married to Scriabin's daughter), or the less interesting Neuhaus. As a composer, Feinberg belongs to the minority of individualists whose music is too "strange" to be fully understood and appreciated in the Soviet Union. Feinberg the teacher produced such pianists as Merzhanov, while he is the product of the celebrated Goldenweisser.

Feinberg's recent readings (if they are recent) disclose an intelligent, impulsive, and independent artist, whose long experience with polyphony is particularly well reflected in his performances of Bach, which summarize the major portion of his artistic endeavor. His technical command does not show any decline since 1941, or even a decade earlier; but neither has it improved. With fresh energy, he drives the vigorous Fugue No. 7, the vivid No. 11, or the vital Preludes Nos. 14 and 15. His Prelude No. 17 is rewarding for its verve and rhythm, his No. 19 is gay and mobile, and its Fugue seems to be delivered by the supple fingers of a young virtuoso—it is rapid, rhythmic, and refreshing.

Feinberg is a curious combination of an analytical mind, strongly influenced by emotional elements. If he is less "majestic" than Landowska, he can be more oratorical than the unjustly forgotten Edwin Fischer "of the 48." Listen to Feinberg's declamatory stresses in the 6th Fugue, or to the sonorous left-hand recitations in the Prelude No. 12. These moments explain why Feinberg recommends singers as models to his students. His tone in the 17th Fugue would be suitable to a Chopin Nocturne or a Beethoven Adagio. Of particular interest is his singing rubato in the Prelude No. 10, where the romantic recitation in the right hand operates against the classical, drier left hand. When Feinberg applies this evocative rubato to a minor key, as in the well-punctuated Prelude No. 22, with each hand singing in its own turn, the music attains the almost vocal appeal of a Mendelssohn Song without Words. Like Fischer, Feinberg can tell a quiet and sensitive short story (Prelude No. 4), or present one of the longest with freedom and ease, as in the 24th Prelude, which radiates a calming effect, despite its resonant dynamics.

Before approaching the more mystical Fugues, Feinberg becomes too impulsive in No. 5, or too abrupt and insistent, as in No. 15—the same Fugue in which his left hand so tactfully launches the theme. The latter words apply even more emphatically to the 6th Fugue (again), where the left hand enters with a distinct and discreet eloquence. Feinberg uses a keen judgment in all four atmospheric fugues. Among his most tranquil is No. 8, which tempted Ingmar Bergman to incorporate ingeniously its antic and retrospective motif in his movie "Wild Strawberries." Of similar philosophical reflectiveness is the Fugue No. 22—again echoes of Bergman's film—with its thematic dialogue fully realized by Feinberg's legato.

This brings us to the essential feature in Feinberg's Bach: his organization of the fugue. He never loses the trend of a theme, or mixes the voices accidentally. Examine, for instance, the Fugue No. 12, where he preserves so consistently its complex "chemistry." He may fail here and there in technical precision and disappoint the listener with inaccurate ornaments. His trills at times are poor and some light digital shortcomings are evident, as in Preludes 8, 12, 21. He can also rush nervously a few sixteenth-notes, as in the Prelude No. 9. But Feinberg is always aware of the voice structure in a fugue to its last note, and with radarlike accuracy he spots all the climactic points (Fugues Nos. 4 and 7, Prelude 23), while central climaxes are built gradually by a flexible apparatus of "legato" fabrics.

Of most interest are certain means which Feinberg employs in conquering a fugue. An accomplished performance of these pieces demands a special technique in playing intervals with one hand in such a manner that any desired voice can be emphasized at will. It is a difficult task to deliver every polyphonic detail intact when one hand simultaneously "voices" two or three lines. Listening to Feinberg's readings of Fugues Nos. 12, 13, 15, and 16, and such Preludes as No. 7 or 24, we realize that he never breaks an interval to underline its upper or lower voice, as some romantic pianists of his generation used to do in Chopin.

As for Feinberg's originality, it expresses itself best in those individual polyphonic agogics, as in the Fugue No. 2. He is equally personal with his sudden anticlimactic mezzo-piano in the middle of a climactic conclusion in the Prelude No. 5, or while approaching a new melody which he creates or recreates in the lower voice of the accompaniment (Prelude No. 3). He is also novel in his conception for the Prelude No. 6, which he makes sound almost organ-like, and where he emphasizes the second instead of the first note in the concluding triplets.

That is not to say that Feinberg's Bach constitutes a subject for uninterrupted applause. If his expressions are superb in the recited Prelude No. 8 (left hand) or persuasive in No. 7, they become restless on some other occasions. If his orchestrations in the cited 16th Fugue may impress by their exchange of "questions and answers," another kind of question arises when Feinberg introduces the 24th Fugue with certain deliberately detached sounds, which also are found in the 16th Prelude. For all his continuity preserved in the Fugue No. 20, he lapses into occasional harshness and we have to wait until the next piece to hear him regain his normal pulse.

Reassessing all these impressions, the total hearing of the first twenty-four Preludes and Fugues should encourage the listener to look forward to Feinberg's next album of the concluding twenty-four.

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THE OTHER SIDE

Scherbaum's Bach, also Karl Richter's

LONDON.

TRUMPETERS have often been called upon, in tales of chivalry, to act the hero by warning the populace or encampment of surprise attacks until silenced forever by a well-aimed missile, but this month's trumpeter-hero, Adolf Scherbaum, does not sound the alarm—instead he uses his glorious instrument and superlative skill to bring before us the joyous optimism of Bach's faith. If Scherbaum's playing of the solo trumpet in the 2nd Brandenburg Concerto cannot, singlehanded, make a success of the otherwise disappointing new set of Brandenburgs by Klemperer and the Philharmonia, I have never heard a more beautiful account of this notorious part; Klemperer's decision to import an "outsider" into what purported to be an all-Philharmonia venture cannot have been popular with Walter Legge or the orchestra, but the result speaks for itself.

It is far better, however, to contribute gloriously to a general triumph than to be the lone hero in a losing battle, and my real reason for selecting Scherbaum as "the personality of the month" is to be found in DGG-Archive's splendid new set of the Mass in B minor. In listening to this remarkably satisfying performance by almost the identical team that gave us a notable St. Matthew Passion two and a half years ago (once more Karl Richter directs the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra and, apart from Maria Stader, who replaces Irmgard Seefried, the soloists are unchanged), we are constantly borne aloft by these jubilant trumpets, led by Herr Scherbaum with winged assurance and a tone of radiant silver.

All in all, musically as well as technically, this is probably the finest Mass in B minor ever put on records. Richter's approach, as might have been guessed, favors clarity of texture rather than massive, monumental effects, yet he achieves this clarity without depriving the work of its essential grandeur. As with the Karajan version of 1954, the staccatoish treatment of certain rapid choral passages may offend some traditionalists but, on balance, Richter steers an eminently sensible course while his choir sings with unflagging zest and accuracy. The instrumental obbligati are flawlessly executed, the orchestra is first-rate, while the contribution of the vocal soloists ranges from good to excellent (Fischer-Dieskau's rendering of "Et in spiritum sanctum" is of outstanding beauty). The stereo recording must rank as one of DGG's finest achievements to date.

Also on Archive this month we have the first stereo recording of Gregorian Chant by the Benedictine Monks of Beuron. Their performance of the First Christmas Mass—usually known as "Midnight Mass"—is as magnificent as ever, while stereo allows us to savor to the full the subtle manner in which the beautiful acoustics of Beuron Abbey are allowed to participate actively in the music.

Oiseau-Lyre, usually preoccupied with music of earlier centuries, has produced a wholly delightful anthology of Britten's music whose mainstay is one of that gifted composer's most recent works: the "Cantata Academica," commissioned by Basel University for the celebrations attending its quincentennial. This joyous and witty pean, employing Latin Texts, is set for a quartet of soloists, chorus, and orchestra, and excellently performed here by Jennifer Vyvyan, Helen Watts, Peter Pears, and Owen Brannigan, with the London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus under George Malcolm. The disc also contains the "Hymn to St. Cecilia" and the very early "Hymn to the Virgin," both for unaccompanied chorus, as well as the Choral Dances from "Gloriana" (Britten's opera about Elizabeth I, composed as a coronation tribute for her modern namesake).

A new record by Flanders and Swann is sure to be acclaimed by their countless admirers on both sides of the Atlantic. The partnership is currently working on a new two-man revue (Michael Flanders recently suggested, in his most disarming manner, that it might be entitled "Not as Good as 'At the Drop of a Hat'"), but meanwhile they have been enlarging their repertoire of animal songs—remember "The Hippopotamus" and "The G-nu"?—to the dimensions of a full-scale LP collection, now presented as "The Bestiary of Flanders and Swann." In actual fact the two celebrated examples I have quoted are not featured here, though connoisseurs may be familiar with "The Wart-Hog" and "The Rhinoceros"; the bulk of this material, however, is quite new.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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Eine Kleine KLEINE Nachtmusik

By RALPH SCHOENSTEIN

AMERICAN music lovers were recently given a record called "The Heart of the Symphony." In just three minutes and twenty-seven seconds, it presents all you really need to know of Mozart. Unfortunately, Brahms takes 4:06, but editors have been working around the clock to remove waste matter they are sure is still there. "I am confident," said one as he erased another grace note, "that we aren't far from the four-minute Brahms. The problem is that these old masters were show-offs. Just because they'd gone to conservatories, they cluttered up their tunes with all sorts of extraneous junk, like harmony, counterpoint, and rhythm. Well, we're finally getting rid of all that waste."

"You mean you just throw it away?" I said.

"Oh, not always," said the editor. "We give pieces of Haydn to children's hospitals. And we just sent the last ten bars of the '1812 Overture' to West Point."

The finest job of waste removal in music today is a record called "The Guts of Grieg," arranged and conducted in 3:17:02 by Maestro Morris Liederkranz, who manufactured bikinis for Pygmies before he turned to art. Using techniques he developed in "Mussorgsky for Morons," the maestro shrunk "The Guts of Grieg" into a midget masterpiece by eliminating not only harmony, counterpoint, and rhythm but also three notes of the scale.

"I don't remember which ones," he told me, "but it doesn't matter. The important thing is I've boiled Grieg down to a listenable package for people who can't brush after every meal. You gotta realize that he wrote this stuff in a more leisurely age. Today people just don't have *time* for all those four-bar rests."

To give Grieg a modern pace, the maestro wasn't satisfied to merely cut all the rests: he also cut all the G major chords. "Grieg was fond of them," he said, "so I was sorry to throw them out, but they had to go. To the busy Grieg lover of today, they're just so much musical crabgrass. Cutting them was not only a test of my artistry but also my integrity. You see, Grieg's family fought me all the way. I finally soothed them by promising to leave in every diminished triad. It was a small concession; I mean, how many of those could there be, no matter what they are?"

The maestro paused for a moment to carefully snip a trill from a Schumann concerto. His fingers were short and dirty, but he cut the tape as if removing a clot from Mendelssohn's mind. "The art of musical editing," he continued, "has all the kicks of brain surgery. It's much more than just finding the right chord to get you into the tune and one to get you out. That's all you need in the little pieces, like doing the 'Minute' Waltz in fourteen seconds. But in the really big stuff, like my 'Instant Aïda,' it takes months of inspired gouging to get out all the junk."

With a grand flourish, the maestro lopped off Mendelssohn's finale. "I love working with finales," he said. "In fact, I love all music. We in the heart-of-the-symphony game know some rich rewards. You hack and you prune and you fight with people who read music, but then one day you've suddenly done it: you've thrown all the lard out of Beethoven's Third so what's left is a sweet little piece of top round ground. And when you hear it whistled in the subway, you feel so good that you run right back to the lab and throw yourself into 'The Meat of the Messiah.' Working with Handel is infinitely satisfying. How that man repeats himself!"

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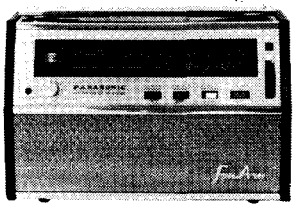

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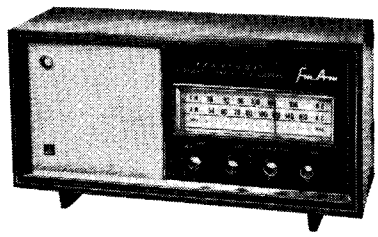

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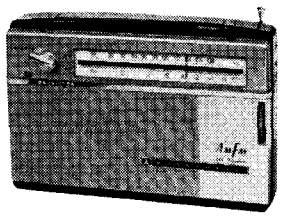

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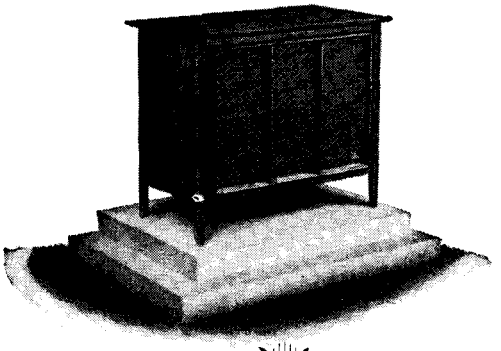

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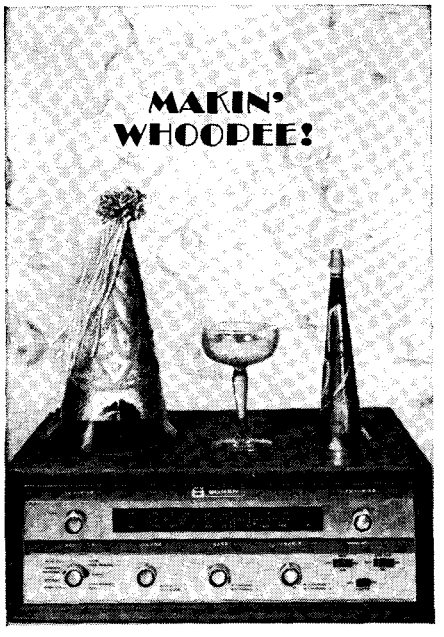

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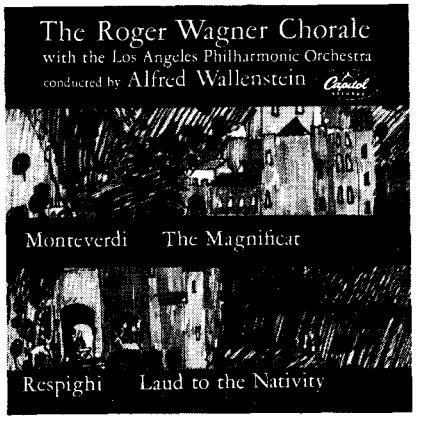

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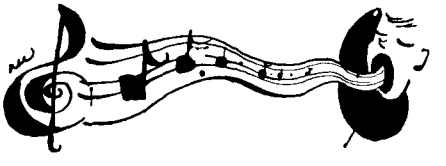
Recital by Oberlin

ST. GODRIC SONGS; JONES: *"Love is a bable," "Ite caldi sospiri," "As I lay lately in a dream," "Goe to bed sweete muze"*; PURCELL: *"Hark! the echoing air," "I love and I must," "Music for a while"* (*"Oedipus"*); SCHUMANN: *"Sängers Trost," "Meine Rose," "Ihre Stimme," "Dein Angesicht"*; WOLF: *"Auch kleine Dinge," "Ach, im Maien war's," "Auf ein altes Bild," "Verschwiegene Liebe," "Nun wandre, Maria," "Er ist's." Russell Oberlin with Joseph Iadone, lute, Paul Maynard, harpsichord, Martha Blackman, viola da gamba, and Douglas Williams, piano.* Decca DL 710032, $5.98.

Russell Oberlin is a musician who achieves, with a limited vocal endowment, artistic statements of great individuality. He is, of course, a countertenor, but it is quite evident from this recording that he is trying to escape from the limited repertory that such a label implies. His voice is bright and flexible, but it must be noted that it is limited in size and color to such an extent that only the most astute artistry could achieve with such an instrument so many impressive effects. Part of Mr. Oberlin's success stems from careful program building. With part of the repertory he used in a New York recital last season, he has fashioned a recorded recital of unusual cogency and variety. He sings it, too, with full awareness of the differences in the styles he has chosen to deal with. His German songs are admirably conceived, and if they do not quite convince the listener, the fault lies not in a mistaken concept of style but in the limitations of a voice that is too small to sustain climaxes and too bright to color words sufficiently. No such flaws mar the readings of the English songs. With an unerring instinct for the direction of a musical phrase, Mr. Oberlin shapes the flexible monody of the St. Godric songs into phrases that pulse with life from start to finish. The vigor and warmth of the Jones songs, with their curiously understated lute accompaniments, are beautifully realized, and not a word slips by unheard. Most rewarding, however, are the triumphant and exuberant sounds of Purcell's "Hark! the echoing air." Here, where technical difficulties vanish before a breathtaking agility, Mr. Oberlin is completely at home, and his performance is a lively reaffirmation of the excitement inherent in the bravura style.

—JEAN BOWEN.



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John Powell as Composer-Pianist

JOHN POWELL: *Five Virginian Folk Songs and Five Traditional Children's Songs. John Langstaff, baritone; the composer at the piano. Released by the John Powell Foundation; 1508 Westwood Avenue, Richmond, Va.*

In the Twenties and early Thirties, John Powell was well known both as a brilliant virtuoso pianist and as a promising young composer who would make a mark. His best known work, "Rapsodie Nègre", composed in 1918, served as a splendid vehicle to exhibit his pianism when he was engaged to perform with symphony orchestras. As a student, I heard him in Berlin's now bombed-out *Singakademie* (longer ago than it is comfortable to admit) and he impressed me as vigorous, brilliant, and a trifle rough-hewn.

As a composer, Powell was particularly concerned with the American folk idiom, and it became the basis of much of his music. Today, Powell is hardly remembered and the idea of rediscovering him and his treatment of Five Virginian Folk Songs and Five Traditional Children's Songs is pleasant. Unfortunately, they are sung quite gracelessly by John Langstaff, who sounds neither folksy nor cultivated. About the

only redeeming feature seems to be the playing of composer Powell. The settings, which are plain rather than sparse, are adequate and pleasing. "I have used in the accompaniments only those tones which occur in the melodies," explains Powell, "thus keeping strictly within the frame of their respective modes, the progressions and cadences being derived from the general harmonic implications of the modes and the special style and character of the tunes. . . . In shaping the form of the various settings, I have sought to combine illustrative variety and characterization, by organizing the successive stanzas of the songs on the general principle of the variation form. Roughly speaking, the settings might be considered passacaglias in which the voice has always the practically unaltered theme, while the elements of contrast, parallelism, explication, and development are assigned to the accompaniment."

Other than an academic interest in John Powell, there is little about this recording to make it a collector's item. It is a bit sad to realize that the good intentions which infuse it will do little to reinstate the name of Powell among today's significant composers.

—OLIVER DANIEL.

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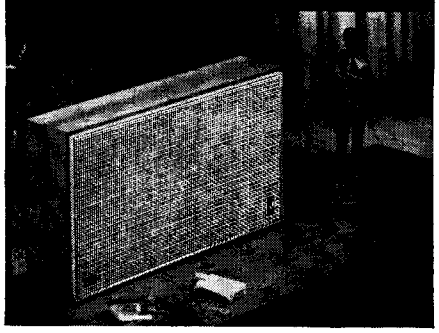

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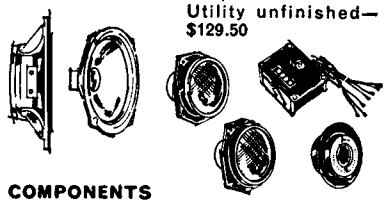

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Acoustics

Continued from page 45

handbooks on acoustics. Hence, a hall that by the old tables would be expected to have a reverberation time of 1.9 seconds has, in actuality, a reverberation time of 1.5 seconds. The difference between 1.9 and 1.5 seconds is the difference between a "live" hall and a "dry" hall, and today's conductors prefer a live environment for concerts by large symphonic orchestras.

I have collected new information affecting the shape, materials, balconies, stage enclosures and seating design of halls for music. Most significant, I believe, is the identification of a dozen independent attributes of musical acoustics and the development of a procedure for using them to arrive at overall rating numbers for halls for music. Thus the architect today should be able to navigate through the shoals of architectural acoustics with the more certain aid of his acoustician pilot.

In connection with my survey a wide range of opinion in the musical world has been systematically sought in detail. Twenty of the world's leading conductors and twenty-one leading music critics in the United States, Canada, and England have been interviewed.

The interviews and the acoustical data show that there are more than a dozen independent attributes of acoustics and several dependent ones, all of which must be properly accounted for in acoustical design. These attributes, in relative order of importance are:

1. *Acoustical intimacy*, which is related to the gap in time between the sound that arrives at a listener's ears directly from the performer and the sound that first arrives after reflecting from a wall or ceiling. The greater this gap, the less intimate the sound (40 points maximum).
2. *Liveness*, which is related to the reverberation time at mid and high frequencies (15 points maximum).
3. *Warmth*, which is related to the reverberation times at low (bass) frequencies (15 points maximum).
4. *Clarity*, which is related to the loudness of the direct sound (10 points maximum).
5. *Brilliance*, which is the proper combination of intimacy, liveness, and clarity.
6. *Loudness* of the reverberant sound, which is related to the cubic volume of the room and the reverberation time (6 points maximum).
7. *Balance and blend*, which are related to the design of the stage enclosure and the sound-reflecting surfaces at the front part of the hall (6 points maximum).
8. *Diffusion*, which is related to the detailed manner in which the sound is reflected about the room. (4 points maximum).
9. *Ensemble*, ability of the performers to hear each other (4 points maximum).
10. *Attack*, response of a hall to a tone, which is related to liveness, loudness of the reverberant sound, and diffusion.
11. *Freedom from echo* (up to 10 points are subtracted from the total for the presence of echo).
12. *Freedom from noise* (up to 10 points are subtracted from the total for the presence of noise).
13. *Freedom from tonal distortion* (up to 10 points are subtracted from the total for the presence of tonal distortion).
14. *Hall Uniformity* (up to 10 points are subtracted from the total for nonuniformity of the sound in the hall).

Those attributes that contribute positively to the acoustical quality of a hall, are, therefore: intimacy (40 points), liveness (15 points), warmth (15 points), clarity (10 points), loudness (6 points), balance and blend (6 points), diffusion (4 points), and ensemble (4 points).

A surprising result is that the reverberation times at mid and high frequencies (liveness) contribute only 15 points and that diffusion contributes only 4 points to a total of 100 points for a perfect hall. *Here is most of the reason why acoustics has, in the past, been thought to be a matter of chance.* These two factors, the only positive ones used by engineers in the past in the design of a concert hall, add up in importance to 19 per cent of the total.

The principal discovery of these researches is the predominant importance of acoustical intimacy in setting the quality of a hall. This finding signifies that an excellent hall for music must either be small or narrow, or else have hanging panels below the main ceiling to provide reflections similar to those that would occur from the side walls of a small hall. The main ceiling must be high to preserve the necessary liveness (reverberation time) in the room.

Another discovery is the relatively large importance that low-frequency (bass) reverberation in the hall plays in contributing warmth to the music.

The best hall rated 98 points and the worst 60 points. The 54 halls were ranked in five categories (excellent, very good, good, fair to good, and fair), and the calculations agreed in all but one case with the rank-ordering of the fifty-one experts who were interviewed. The one hall that missed falls one category lower than the rating given to it by those interviewed. This agreement is highly satisfactory and indicates the value of this rating system.

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

"YES" FOR WEBER

On page 55 of your October 28 issue, you published a letter of Edmund Tuszczyk of Chicago, who is interested in a reissue of records on LP of Marek Weber and Dajos Bela.

I would like to join Mr. Tuszczyk in this request, and I feel that there is a definite market for this type of LP record.

The Hotel Adlon, Berlin, now completely destroyed, was located on Unter den Linden, now the East Berlin zone of Berlin, which is of course unimportant and not relevant to the reissuance of these LPs. Marek Weber and Dajos Bela had successfully performed all over Europe during the 1930s and had a tremendous following among the old and the young.

Ernest Larson.

New York, N. Y.

FURTWANGLER'S EAR

H. C. Pendergast's excellent and warmly written article "Karajan and the Berlin Philharmonic" [*SR*, Sept. 30] contained a few statements that need correction. "Although his [Furtwängler's] deafness after the war was so pronounced that he could no longer readily correct their mistakes" is an overstatement. Furtwängler's hearing first began to fail him in the summer of 1953, causing his inability to control the oboe in certain passages. Thereafter in operatic rehearsals he had difficulty hearing singers who spoke to him from the stage above him. He was quite capable of correcting all errors otherwise, as the recording of "Die Walküre," made only a few weeks before his death, shows clearly.

"The wartime loss of many of their colleagues" is misleading. Only one member of the Philharmonic fell in battle while serving in the militia at the end of the war. Due to the efforts of Furtwängler and Gerhardt von Westerman, the business manager of the orchestra, deferments from army and military duty for each member of the Philharmonic were obtained yearly. In May, 1945, the Philharmonic was intact; in the Russian siege of the city eight members perished. Thus less than one-tenth of the old Berlin Philharmonic can be termed casualties.

"He [Karajan] has also brought to the orchestra a repertoire far more varied and interesting than Furtwängler's" is equally misleading. It will be recalled that when the International Society for Contemporary Music was organized, Furtwängler was elected president of the German branch; before the war he conducted works by more than thirty modern composers, among them Prokofiev, Stravinsky, Schoenberg, Bartók, Reger, Hindemith, Jarnach, Kaminski, Toch, Rathaus, Casella, Honegger, Kletzki and Pepping. In his last years, after the war, he programmed works by Bartók, Hindemith, Egk, Fortner, Stravinsky, Barber, and others. He was by no means limited in his range of composers.

Daniel Gillis.

Ithaca, N. Y.

A MUSICIAN DREAMS

Reading the Berlin Philharmonic article in the September 30 issue has me dreaming—dreaming of the day when our own musicians will have the opportunity to dignify their work as those fortunate members of the Berlin orchestra. I quote from the article: "Its musicians elect their own conductor and also select at auditions their own members."

This action would change our orchestral life for the better by making it more democratic. How? By destroying the dictator's authority allowed our conductors. Our musicians could then concentrate on music without worrying about losing their jobs because of the whims of a conductor.

This is just a dream of an orchestral musician playing in the United States, which is a democracy.

Name withheld.

Washington, D. C.

SURFACES

The rash of letters in your October 28 issue complaining about record surfaces on RCA Victor and others leads me to the expression of some observations.

My own purchases of RCAs have not been so disappointing, apparently, as those of some of your letter writers. True, there've been noisy surfaces, but nothing so serious as would warrant wholesale repurchases of some individual set to acquire one perfect copy. Then again, it may be that I have many times bowed to what I thought the inevitable, or simply been lucky in my purchases. On the other hand, *every* Capitol or Angel stereo record I have bought has been afflicted with surface noise, from the merely annoying to the massive amount on Orff's "Carmina Burana" with Stokowski and the Dvořák Cello Concerto with Rostropovich, which quite smartly obscures many of the softer passages in the music.

These experiences have led me to a most happy expedient: to acquire any Capitol or Angel recording I happen to want (in their HMV and Columbia counterpart), along with any RCA I want to be perfectly free from any annoyance, from England, where the records are separately mastered and pressed. Surprisingly, this actually amounts to discount buying, for most stereo records are priced there at the equivalent of $4.35, to which must usually be added on arrival here an import duty of 12½ per cent, or about another 50 cents. Several of the large English dealers pay postage and insurance on orders of £10 or more. The result: nearly flawless record surfaces when others are getting noisy domestic ones.

Another hint: DGGs, the same as sell in this country for $6.98, can be had from England for the same $4.35 plus duty mentioned above, amounting to an even healthier discount on these luxurious pressings. As a suggestion to Raoul Gersten, Fischer-Dieskau's "Dichterliebe" can be had from England on DGG (DGM-18370).

Jon R. Skinner.

Portland, Ore.

SCORE ON SURFACES

Here are some recent box scores on the matter of defective records.

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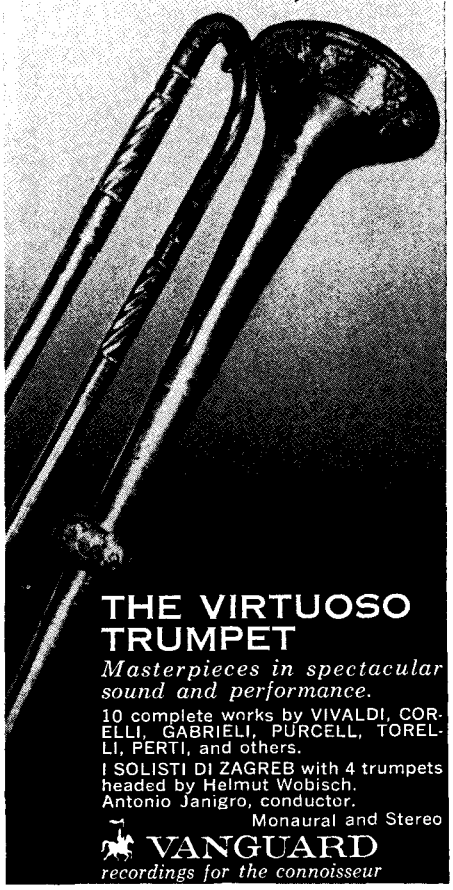

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four copies returned, nay (nothing acceptable yet).

Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 35 and 39—three copies returned, nay.

EVEREST: Beethoven: "Eroica"—four copies returned, nay.

CAPITOL: Strauss: "Ein Heldenleben"—two copies returned, third OK.

Prokofiev: Concerto No. 3, and Ravel: Left Hand Concerto—two copies returned, nay.

ANGEL: Poulenc: Organ Concerto and Gloria—two copies returned, third OK.

LONDON: Britten: "Spring Symphony"—two copies returned, nay (in both cases defect was a slight scratch, nowhere nearly as bad as the other defectives listed here).

COLUMBIA: Bruckner: 9th Symphony—two copies returned, nay.

RESPIGHI: "Feste Romane" and Sibelius 7th—first two copies badly warped.

All in all, a poor showing, worse than I can remember it in any comparable period.

JOHN HOLT.

Boston, Mass.

SCOURING SURFACES

NOTING THE NUMBER of letters in your October 28 issue commenting on poor record surfaces (especially RCA Victor), I would like to offer a simple remedy which I thought most record buyers were aware of. It is inexpensive and takes but a few minutes' time and has worked for me (another non-tolerator of music disturbances) nine times out of ten.

Take a good liquid household detergent, undiluted, pour a small amount over the noisy surface side, rub over the entire playing area. Then place the record side under a faucet running lukewarm water over the record surface, rubbing the detergent around the record and off into the sink, until the soapy matter is gone, about a minute's time. Dry the record side completely or leave a light film of water on the surface. Sometimes a second washing is necessary, sometimes not, if the first does not penetrate the grooves.

I use Lestoil, myself.

ERNEST BIRCHENOUGH.

San Francisco, Calif.

SURFACES OVERSEAS

DAN R. SCHOLZ'S letter in your August 26 issue expresses feelings I have had for some time concerning the physical deficiencies in RCA's pressings.

I must add to RCA such reputable firms as Columbia and Mercury in voicing my criticism. All the stereo records I now own are purchases from various military post exchanges here in Germany. The pitting and scratches on many of them are inexcusable.

For instance, only recently I bought Dr. Walter's new Beethoven First and Second Symphonies on Columbia MS 6078. This record was factory-sealed in a plastic envelope, and I had no doubts but that it would be in ideal condition. Imagine my chagrin to find several deep scratches in the surface of the record!

The common deficiency in both RCA and Mercury records available to me is pitting—Mr. Scholz's "Extra timpani 33⅓ times a minute." Many RCA records are also badly warped.

I at first thought that the records sent for sale in our exchanges might be "seconds" or "factory discards." Now maybe that isn't so, if things are as bad Stateside as Mr. Scholz intimates. At any rate, why don't the record companies exercise more caution in inspecting their finished product? No one who has invested a great deal of money in stereo equipment wants to see his efforts at good sound reproduction quashed by poorly processed records.

May I add, completely off this subject, that I enjoy your magazine tremendously. Your reviews of New York performances are like manna in our Armed Forces Network world of hillbilly and rock 'n' roll. Thank you for many hours of fine reading.

(Captain) DONALD B. PRUITT.

APO, New York

HELP WANTED

I AM WRITING a biography of the French musical comedy star, Mistinguett. I should greatly appreciate it if any programs, photographs, or information any of your readers may have could be sent to me at 1352 North Las Palmas Avenue, Hollywood 28.

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Hollywood, Calif.

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Thurber Salute

Continued from page 18

piston out of the machine and inserted the pen in its place. "That will hold for ten minutes," he said. "Get on with the operation." A nurse hurried over and whispered to Renshaw, and Mitty saw the man turn pale. "Coreopsis has set in," said Renshaw nervously. "If you would take over, Mitty?" Mitty looked at him and at the craven figure of Benbow, who drank, and at the grave, uncertain faces of the two great specialists. "If you wish," he said. They slipped a white gown on him; he adjusted a mask and drew on thin gloves; nurses handed him shining . . .

"Back it up, Mac! Look out for that Buick!" Walter Mitty jammed on the brakes. "Wrong lane, Mac," said the parking-lot attendant, looking at Mitty closely. "Gee. Yeh," muttered Mitty. He began cautiously to back out of the lane marked "Exit Only." Leave her sit there," said the attendant. "I'll put her away." Mitty got out of the car. "Hey, better leave the key." "Oh," said Mitty, handing the man the ignition key. The attendant vaulted into the car, backed it up with insolent skill, and put it where it belonged.

—From "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty."

The Football Star

ANOTHER COURSE that I didn't like, but somehow managed to pass, was economics. I went to that class straight from the botany class, which didn't help me any in understanding either subject. I used to get them mixed up. But not as mixed as another student in my economics class who came there direct from a physics laboratory. He was a tackle on the football team, named Bolenciecwcz. At that time Ohio State University had one of the best football teams in the country, and Bolenciecwcz was one of its outstanding stars. In order to be eligible to play it was necessary for him to keep up in his studies, a very difficult matter, for while he was not dumber than an ox he was not any smarter.

—From "University Days."

A Writer's Fears

A WRITER verging into the middle years lives in dread of losing his way to the publishing house and wandering down to the Bowery or the Battery, there to disappear like Ambrose Bierce. He has sometimes also the kindred dread of turning a sudden corner and meeting himself sauntering along in

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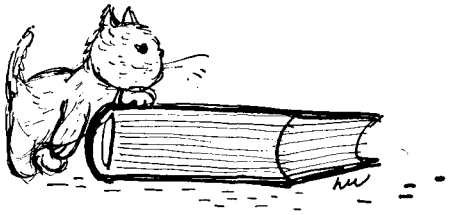
the opposite direction. I have known writers at this dangerous and tricky age to phone their homes from their offices, or their offices from their homes, ask for themselves in a low tone, and then, having fortunately discovered that they were "out," to collapse in hard-breathing relief. This is particularly true of writers of light pieces running from a thousand to two thousand words.

—From "My Life and Hard Times" ("Preface to a Life").

Unguided Missile

FIFTEEN years ago I brought [Harold Ross] a sheaf of some miscellaneous writings by Peter De Vries, whom I had met in Chicago, where he was then editor of *Poetry*, and told Ross I had found a perfect *New Yorker* writer. He stared at the material glumly, and said, "I'll read it, but it won't be funny and it won't be well written." Two hours later he called me into his office. Hope had risen like a full moon and shone in his face. "How can I get DeVree on the phone?" he demanded, his enthusiasm touched with excitement. Not many days after that Ross and I had lunch at the Algonquin with Peter DeVree—the name had become wedged in Ross's mind as French, not Dutch, and he was sure the sibilant should go un-



sounded, as in *debris*, and he never got it straightened out. I had warned Pete, since I was a veteran of such first meetings, that Ross's opening question might go off in any direction, like an unguided missile. "Hi, DeVree," said Ross as they shook hands. "Could you do the Race Track department?" This was the kind of irrelevancy I had in mind, and Pete was prepared for it. "No," he said, "but I can imitate a wounded gorilla." He had once imitated a wounded gorilla on a radio program in Chicago. Ross glared at me, realizing I had briefed De Vries, and then his slow lasting grin spread over his face. "Well, don't imitate it around the office," he growled amiably. "The place is a zoo the way it is."

—From "The Years with Ross."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 3, 10, 6, 8, 11, 4, 12, 2, 5, 7, 1, 9. Column Three should read: 7, 11, 2, 10, 3, 9, 1, 4, 12, 6, 8, 5.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1444

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

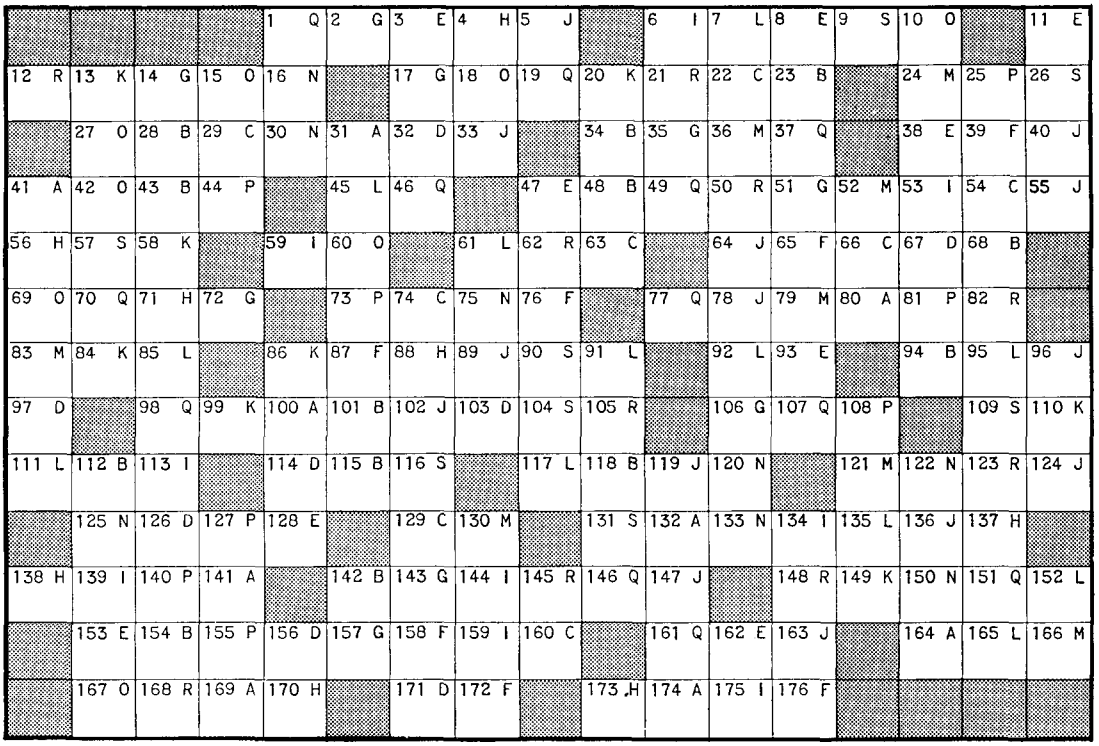
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Origin of words as shown by analysis into their elements, roots, parents, relationships, etc.	132 164 41 100 174 141 31 80 169
B. Restored to a former capacity.	43 115 48 118 142 28 34 101 23 154 112 68 94
C. British journalist and editor (London *Times*, Encyc. Britannica, etc.; 1866-1924).	29 22 129 160 74 66 54 63
D. Turns to profit or good account.	103 114 97 32 171 156 126 67
E. Having teeth with transverse ridges, like most rodents and ungulates.	11 8 38 153 3 128 162 93 47
F. Anew.	172 39 87 158 65 176 76
G. Having the nature of clear soup.	17 143 14 106 2 72 35 51 157
H. Continually agitated.	88 56 170 173 71 137 138 4
I. Colloq. imperative to somebody to tell something (3 wds.).	139 53 59 6 144 159 113 175 134

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
J. Familiar series of historical tales, 19th cent., whose first book's subtitle is "'Tis Sixty Years Since" (2 wds.).	64 40 119 5 163 136 96 33 55 78 89 124 102 147
K. Following "Der", one of Schumann's best-known *lieder for soprano, about a nut tree.*	84 20 58 86 13 110 99 149
L. Refrain popularized by the singer Cab Calloway (2 comp. wds.).	61 111 85 152 165 135 117 92 91 95 7 45
M. Rich beyond the dreams of avarice!	83 36 52 121 79 166 130 24
N. Intervals.	133 75 16 150 122 30 120 125
O. Prime Minister, Union of South Africa since 1958.	27 10 18 69 60 42 15 167
P. Like the medium considered to permeate all space.	127 73 81 108 155 140 44 25
Q. What struck the Sultan's turrets in the first stanza of the Rubáiyát (3 wds.).	77 107 49 46 1 19 161 151 70 146 98 37
R. Seventh largest lake of the world (Nat'l Geog. Society).	82 168 50 21 148 145 105 62 123 12
S. Famous Amer. journalist, born in San Francisco (1866-1936).	9 104 26 109 131 90 116 57

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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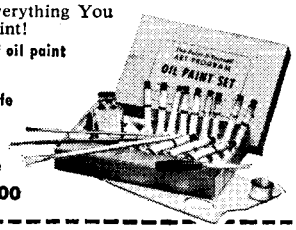

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